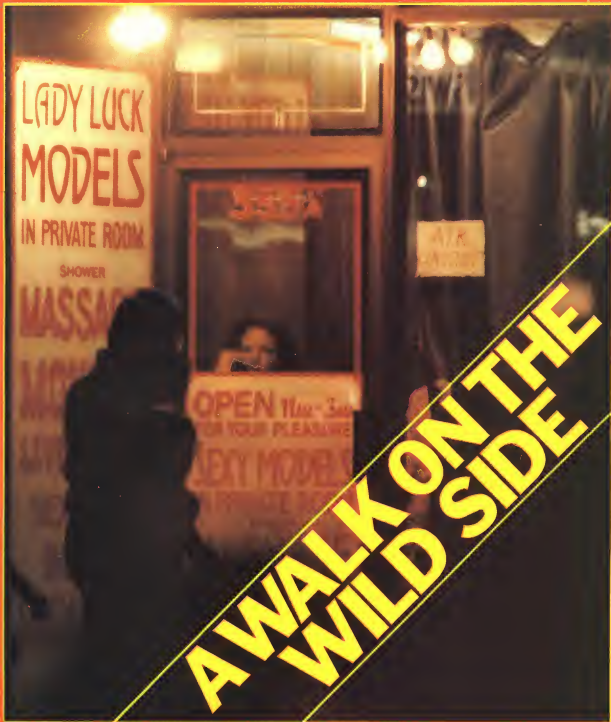


# Maclean's



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**Sex in the heartland:** What's the biggest Country & Western star in Canada? A 21-year-old woman named Carole Baker. Why? She wears and sings of sexual encounters in a not-out-of-the-way. **Page 21**



**The Honorable Member:** The fact that most Canadians don't know (or even know of) Gerald Riddow, isn't as much their loss as his. Now, at 76, he can feel humbled by trying to change all that. **Page 18**



**In the right place at the right time with the right story:** What happens when an upstart oil rig threatens the west coast, trapping the Vice-President of the U.S.? Ian Slater has a best seller. **Page 24**

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# Interview

With Cleo Laine and John Dankworth

The night of October 22, 1974, was gustily warm (meteorologically nonsensical, but it was supremely memorable, for the handful who were at Convocation Hall on the University of Toronto campus as the night singer Cleo Laine was introduced to a Canadian audience. Maybe 300 were present in that 1,700-seat amphitheatre; few of them seemed to have paid. Today, with a safe mating of public acclaim and artistic excellence, Cleo Laine draws full houses whenever she goes, and the 300 who saw her first (however free the ticket) now boast about that three-year-old evening as a kind of status symbol. And well they might. A Cleo Laine performance—backed always by a four-piece group led by her husband John Dankworth—is something to remember. Just as her voice, ranging from about C below middle C to F above high C, is a lifelong possession of all who hear it, in Britain (where she was born 40-some years ago to a Jamaican father and an English mother) she is known also as an illustrious actress (Boris, Shakespeare) as well as the showpiece of a stellar revival of Kern-Hammerstein's *Shuffle Boat*. But on this side of the Atlantic she is known solely as a singer who can leap 2½ octaves with soaring accuracy, sing funny, sing sad, and, most just, copes with singing with machine-gun rap ditty and threesixty down there in the dark beige tones, so that it's hard to tell where Dankworth's marvelously agile alto takes ends and has with a vocal mathematics lesson. Critics feel over twenty-seven trying to describe her talents and two, at opposite ends of the earth give up: The London Times called her quite simply, the best singer in the world, and the *Los Angeles Times* (Dankworth) no less simply called her "the best."

Laine first met Dankworth when she auditioned for his Big Band (one of Britain's great touring groups of the era) in 1962, he hired her as the band's singer for seven months at a wage, at that time about \$20, and married her six years later. At every concert she introduces him as "my husband and my best friend" and their natural personal intimacy, both on and off stage, is a sight for some cynics. These days they spend much of their time touring North America, and Mackenzie's David Schor David Cope caught up with them during a recent engagement in Hamilton—where he is now usual; they drew full houses and standing ovations every night. The interview began in their hotel room, in one corner stood a richly up-



**Laine:** Mum was a real theatre mum; I'm sorry she didn't live to see me attain these heights

right pane whose uneven keys looked like an aerial shot of the Himalayas in which Dankworth, 50, had been using his little table some new arrangements.

**Mackenzie:** Why did it take you so long to get to North America?

**Laine:** There are many reasons to that one. But the main one is that if you're going to take on Canada and the United States you should have an agent or a manager behind you who believes in you enough to make the money work. I didn't. Sure, I could have come over long ago and taken my chances as a "cultural artist"—but there are so many of them in the States, and I wasn't prepared to sit in the corner of soulless clubs waiting for someone to notice me. On the other hand, I had been preparing myself for some time. It was always at the back of my mind that I would take North America by storm.

**Dankworth:** So we got together again in the late Sixties—we'd been working apart for a few years and I'd broken up the Johnny Dankworth Big Band in 1963—and we expanded a vocal formula, anything from lard to blues, Greenwich, Porter, a

full 20th-century repertoire. We toured with it, did well in Europe, and then we were invited to Australia in 1972. The Australians more easily approach Americans and Canadians than the British in their responses, and I think I can say we created some kind of a star-dance there. So on the way back home we stopped off in New York and I did the round of agent-street inductions to knock them out in Australia and not try to do the same over here. Incredible! Chances agents, pop agents, rock, jazz—none of them understood what we wanted to do. Concern? We were told that anyone who wanted to do that sort of thing should have a hit film, or album, or TV show, it felt something. We had none of them. We finally got to Bob DeSnoor (Elton John's partner, among rather many others) for 20 minutes, and finally the light dawned. "Concert?" he said. "She's a class act!"

**Mackenzie:** And you were off and running?

**Laine:** Not quite. We played Alton Tully Hall, which holds 3,000 seats. We sold only about a half and pupped it to two thirds. Because we didn't sell out, DeSnoor washed himself of us. But the press was there! The New York Times mentioned that Brits had been "bought" one of her national pressages! Just six months later we played Carnegie Hall.

**Mackenzie:** Since 1973 you've made half a dozen albums, a lot for a class act. How are they doing?

**Dankworth:** Nothing sensational. Elton John or Stevie Wonder standards. About



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750,000 total in Britain we would sell about 3,000 to 10,000 copies per album, so we're moving along. You see, unless you concentrate on a recording career to the exclusion of everything else, you can't sell—well, the comparison isn't that incorrect in technology you. Tony Bennett, Steve Lawrence, Bob Gaddie: some of them have recording contracts now.

**Laine:** Over 750,000 copies must have grossed four million dollars but the companies are looking for the people who'll bring in \$300 million. It can only be why.

**Maclean:** As often your concert feature poems that John has set to music—John Bennett, W. F. Auden, Shakespeare, T. S. Eliot. How did that come about?

**Dankworth:** It wasn't a conscious effort to get cultured, it just happened kind of organically. One day one of the *Sanson* magazine poets on the Eliot memorial program, which gave us the idea, but the Auden song for instance, I wrote for Anna Rose, not for Clio at all. Only Anne never sang it. People call that sort of thing cultural, we've found it often was done good experience, meaning that people can enjoy the poems, rather than look bored about them.

**Maclean:** Any trouble with the rights?

**Dankworth:** If you could deal direct with the poets, it's usually all right. It's when they're dead and not in it in the public domain that there's trouble. Widows are terrible, especially widows of the just deceased. And I had to drop an Ogden Nash number because the publishers were so tricky.

**Maclean:** Is it true here you've seen some of the eyes of these poets?

**Laine:** Yes, thereabout. My mum was a nurse, she was the sister to all my brothers, sister and so, to dancing and singing classes. The other two gave me up and my mother died seven years ago. She never saw me when they brought.

**Maclean:** As those about your father?

**Laine:** Dad's a Jewman who came over to England just before the 1914-15 war, fought in it, and married my mother after it. He never achieved what he wanted to do, what he wanted I think. He was a very good singer and he went to Stockholm for many of the hours of the war, but never passed. Life wasn't too good in the Thirties and he'd be black at the same time and have been even better. I remember Dad buying a bed and practicing back hammering in the garden, or around. The other two were banging them, the better chance of getting a job. But the Irish were coming over then and working very cheap. I can't don't know if the past. My father's a terribly insecure man and devoted to deeply hurt by any preference to me. He had been here for his own security he'd have got further. My mother ran a boarding house in Southall, Middlesex and Dad would get into terrible fights with the borderless in the café, which he was supposed to run. Finally my mother would come out from the back and say, "All right, I'll serve in the café. You stay in the back." And then he'd get faxes



**Laine:** If someone called me 'Blackie' or 'Fuzzie'... well it was just a game

about him. He thought the was a bit of a bit and nothing could be further from the truth.

**Maclean:** What was it like for you, growing up in the child of a poet and a singer in the future?

**Laine:** Never bothered me. In those days all that was was a game. If someone called me Blackie or Fuzzie, it was the same as me calling someone Skinny or Ginger or Four Eyes. But now with the West Indians coming in, it's their themselves, I can use it with good cause now.

**Maclean:** What sort of musical influences did you have?

**Laine:** My mother introduced me to the music. I'd sit through all the musicals I could listen to a week—provided I had the money and could play grand from the school. Watching people like Mickey Rooney, Dennis Darnay, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly and anybody who sang or danced made me want to perform. Of course, later when I was with John, I mostly listened to the great jazz singers—Sarah Vaughan, Billie Holiday, Anita O'Day, and Peggy Lee. But Hollywood was very, very dear to my heart. I wanted some of them at first but eventually I realized what all artists should realize—it isn't talent or it's a good thing over the long run and because I wasn't a very good artist, really, I achieved a style of my own.

**Maclean:** What reaction do you have when you're doing your "Jelly, the best singer on the radio"?

**Laine:** I'm flattered, of course. One can't feel anything, but I can't agree. You can only say something like that for no white or whatever—someone who comes through the wrong way. I personally don't think you can do it with art or artistry. What it may mean is that I'm much more aware of things than other people. It's important to stretch myself a little more and perhaps the people who write reviews like to hear things that aren't usually heard.

**Maclean:** Why do you do it, anyway?

**Laine:** It keeps me connected in the music. So many songs are not made of a challenge to me and when I get something that's very challenging it's a challenge. Sometimes it's difficult and I'm lonely, but then I know I just tell me "to go away and write it," knowing of course that I'll go into a corner and do just that.

**Maclean:** When people think of great voices that's automatically think of opera. Are that ever done on stage for you?

**Laine:** Grand opera doesn't hold any interest for me so I just wouldn't unless someone wrote something for me. I would likely have to take a year off to get my voice ready and even then I might never get it into shape to please opera buffs. I don't have the talent, but I'm sure that the voice is like to have because of earlier problems like bronchitis, pneumonia and smoking (which I no longer do).

**Maclean:** Every year you now make a festival of your home in England. How did that get started?

**Dankworth:** In the late thirties, when we were getting this moral thing started for Clio—we were invited to all kinds of little

socials and clubs—most out of the places we played was at Northumberland, for a millionaire club manufacturers who used to organize a music festival of our own. So we thought, why not try one of our place?

**Laine:** We converted the studios of the old factory on Woodland, Buckinghamshire, where they lay into a small concert, and it runs through the year. Educational courses, weekend junior participation events, and the festival early every summer, which features anything from jazz to London to Spivey, the Midway and the Philharmonic Orchestra. *Side-by-Side* by Sondheim (a review of Stephen Sondheim songs and collaborations, later a London and New York smash, our touring was born there) that's our great claim to fame.

**Dankworth:** A superb festival, Sondheim. But have you noticed how it's always the company who get the credit? But I think such as a household name—who knows Bill David, who writes his words? Reminds me of the late Mrs. Oscar Williamson, co-writer, sometime, saying "That's Jerome Kern, he wrote 'Of Me'." Mrs. Williamson interrupted: "No, he didn't. Oscar Williamson wrote 'Of Me'." Mrs. M. Kern wrote down the words, she did the music.

**Maclean:** A small point. In the old Big Band days you were known as Johnny What happened?

**Dankworth:** The music happened. In the early Thirties London was becoming the center of the world recording industry, and it was impossible to get musicians to go on the road with you. So either you have a second-rate band I gave it up after 13 years—and when I started to do scores for Paramount among them, *Sunday Night* and *Sunday Morning*, *The Forward Gang*, *Morgan*, the 16th people didn't think Johnny was distinguished enough.

**Laine:** He was in either, really he does.

**Maclean:** One of your albums last year, *Rem On A Friday*, was produced by George Martin, surely the only male producer before him for the Beatles. What's the dispute about?

**Dankworth:** He was my producer years ago, long before even the Beatles had thoughts of the Beatles. Produced all my early recordings. He's a world friend.

**Laine:** He created your two hits.

**Dankworth:** Well, I wouldn't say that.

**Laine:** I've heard that.

**Dankworth:** Yes. Well, I find that rather odd, you see, and every week we did a study of a band playing *There's a Man* and George said that there should be a hat there somewhere.

**Laine:** There you are! It was George's idea.

**Dankworth:** Wait!

**Laine:** George heard it. George suggested it. You played it. I have it at Maclean's to judge.

**Maclean:** George Martin comes out of it as an artist.

**Laine:** Thank you! Again from that George is absolutely marvelous at the

books, and I've noticed that "Naive" that, John? George would say in the end, no, no, no, playing that tape and he'd wouldn't have. Because he gets involved he sometimes can't see the wood for the trees. Especially in the editing and what after work, which is when music go absolutely gipsy.

**Maclean:** Is your new career since 1973, how do you feel your career?

**Laine:** The more in Japan you see a lot of trouble. In the first half of the show I did there 10 months ago there was almost no applause—you could feel the moods guiding the mood, among them, during them up, but I didn't feel I was getting through at all. But in the second half of the show it was a different matter, almost as if they'd taken a language course at an American Canadian are more nervous than Americans, so that when I get them to their feet it's more of an achievement. Americans are so emotional, as quick to throw themselves into a concert that it's almost too easy. Except in Las Vegas. They really sit on their hands there.

**Dankworth:** The music that do well there may not be doing anything anywhere else. Wayne Newton, one of those who no longer has a contract with a record company, does 35 weeks a week a year there, at \$300,000 a week and also very

anyone should be an expert here to leave. **Maclean:** Does it amuse you that the "best singer in the world" is moving from Sidney Hill to the Newcom and the Elton John?

**Laine:** In the course of my artist's career there are points when I'm underpaid and overpaid. And quite often the artist's career is so short-lived that it wouldn't they worked hard enough to get famous—then why not? I don't worry about it. The pop record industry is big business, it's not doing with good taste very much.

**Maclean:** What does the future hold for you?

**Laine:** Oh, we're today-by. People are always coming to me with songs, musicals, and so on. Nothing at the moment just me alone, but there's some interesting talk in the world about a movie, a drama with music, that I'd like to do very much. We'll know soon, one way or the other. But I can tell you I'm glad that's a head singer any more.

**Maclean:** Some of the songs he's left us here.

**Laine:** I don't touch you, you asked me to marry you. Besides, I know if I stayed with the band I'd remain a band singer for the rest of my life. If I have had a few with Ted Heath, just or British big-band leader of the postwar years, band singers were so perfect to him, never to John.

**Dankworth:** I created them with the strongest mind of that day and

**Laine:** The reason I never loved me when I heard John say, "This is a marriage" band and always will be, never a singer's band."

**Dankworth:** Well, things changed. A bit, however, wouldn't you say? Just like his father.



# Letters

Time, gentleman, please. You too, lady

In *The Reader* (August 6) Barbara Amiel criticised me for closing a bar in the *Canadian's* reception area in a rather rude way. It seems to me that is all that can be



Cable tips that teach wine, etc.

should mention that Mr and Mrs Cobl were the only two dining wine at 1 p.m. Everyone else was attending a screening at the *Beauvill*. In view of this I of course closed the bar and said that the government was not in the restaurant business. I don't need friends like just the obvious one.

ANDRÉ MASSÉ, HOLLYHURST, QUE.

*Amiel replies:* I am a teetotaler, but there anything is possible in the looking glass world where magicians become forecasters and civil servants become 15-cent-per-second

If this is male adventure, let's have more. I relied on *The Morning Journal*, *Grain*, *Wine To Conquer*, *Wine To Conquer* (June 12) and Prince Albert Pulp Co. Ltd. together with Churchill Forest Industries Ltd. are used to give examples of "progressive getting their fingers burned badly by massiveness in business." In addition to examples noted in the Atlantic Provinces.

If you had first checked the facts you would have discovered that there is no similarity between Prince Albert Pulp Co. and Churchill Forest Industries and the state-owned and the implications of the article as a whole are completely inaccurate as far as Prince Albert is concerned. 1) Prince Albert Pulp Co. Ltd. has a record of continuous profitable operations for the last four years. 2) It has met and is meeting all financial obligations to the government of Saskatchewan and other parties on or ahead of schedule. 3) Since start-up of the Prince Albert mill in 1968, more than \$55 million of cash flow has been generated in expanding the capacity of the mill by more than 25% in a program of progressive improvement and updating of mill equipment and in the construction of logging access roads and new fire facilities. 4) Direct employment in the pulp mill and associated chemical plant and waste operations is 950 and construction employ is further 230. 5) During the year ended March 31, 1979 the Company injected approximately \$20 million into the Saskatchewan economy.

S. R. W. THOMAS, SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT, PRINCE ALBERT PULP CO. LTD., MONTREAL.

*One false promise leads to another.* When Peter Brundage writes of "a state-reversible and bloody game of territorial

marital chess whereby the present subarctic island is merely supposed to be in possession when the music stopped on the arrival of the white man." (in *Whom The Gods Would Destroy*—July 35), he has got the story not only wrong but backward. As far as the Arctic and subarctic peoples of the north were concerned, major evidence between groups was almost negligible in precontact times, in most cases the notion of territoriality did not even exist. Brundage points out that "the lands involved are vast, the populations practically small." Of course, the high latitudes of the northern hemisphere are environmentally so harsh that a single small group of a few families requires thousands of square miles within which they can search for food.

Brundage's antediluvian concepts of territoriality and claims is all as well. Linguistic evidence strongly suggests that the majority of native peoples living, e.g. around the mouth of the Fraser in B.C., have been there for not less than 3,000 years. Where there is evidence for one group displacing another the process has been largely a matter of absorption rather than forcible displacement.

DR. ROBERT D. LEVINE, ARCHAEOLOGICAL CURATOR, LINGUISTICS DIVISION, BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL MUSEUM, VICTORIA.

*Brundage replies:* Linguistic evidence doesn't tell you a great deal about language contact. Linguistic evidence shows Germans in the Rhine for 1,000 years but it doesn't reflect the Thirty Years' War. Hunting and gathering groups are just as prone to conflict as the rest of us mortals.



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#### The union and the Queen

Alan Fotheringham's column on the monarchy (last 27) raises the whole point about the monarchy and Canada, but my general exception is in it that he calls Queen Elizabeth a foreign queen. Queen Elizabeth is British, she is Queen of Britain and of the countries that are British Dominions, including Canada. Canada was founded and properly settled by British and there are British institutions at the base of Canada's national character. British language, a British heritage, and until recently Canada was populated by a majority of British-descended people. In short, Canada is one of the countries belonging to the British family of countries and it is therefore absurd to call the Queen a foreign queen. The point he raised about the monarchy is that it is not an anachronism. Monarchy is enjoyed by British and Canada is the best form of government so far devised. It is changing and adapting to suit social and political changes in Britain and it has proved most durable.

STEPHEN COLLIER, GISSONS LANDING, BC

Let me return Stewart, Billingsley, Lamb, Lane and Cochrane (August 8) all propose that our present system of government with the monarchy at its top be changed or done away with but not one of them proposes a replacement. This is the common fault of persons who feel against "foreign queens," whose truth is not foreign at all in her role as Queen of Canada. What do they want instead—a republic like France, with president and prime minister or a republic like the United States with one president? Opponents against anything are really only valid when coupled with positive, viable and constructive proposals in exchange.

CHARLES JONES, PORT HOPK, ONT

Now that I have read the letters that came in on Allan Fotheringham's article on the Queen, I wish I had written right away. I agree 100% with him. The Queen of England, was as is the may be as a foreigner. We don't need her, she is not ours. It is irrelevant that Canada remains its only Commonwealth. So what was one of the letters said, for the people we know who regard the monarchy is important are also recently settled refugees from the British Isles and certain immigrants in Canada who subscribe to the ludicrous notion that by displaying a monarch on stamps and currency, we draw off eventual absorption by the United States.

D. A. BEHMER, CAMBRIDGEVILLE, ONT

A man who knows whom he speaks. Harsh to Gordon Sinclair for his contribution to *The Reformers Debate* he wrote of the French Canadian as outlaws as if he had lived in Quebec all his life. I have, and reading his article reminded me that the article outside my province is not one of total ignorance and disrespect, but having the experience I have had for quite some

time. Being a 37-year-old English-Franco-phone Quebecer, I have been appalled at the general ill feelings of the English (especially the English Quebecers) toward our brothers, the French. We, as Canadians in the midst of an identity crisis, or so it has been called, must recognize the fact that if not for our dual heritage our culture would only be marginally different from our neighbors to the south (and God forbid any further Americanization of our cul-



Sinclair: no substitute for Plain Talk.

too-similar ways of life). We must build a stronger wall of tolerance toward our brothers, parents and fathers, and toward the different peoples they represent.

KEN CHARLTON, VAN LEUVEN, QUE

After reading Gordon Sinclair's column on *The Reformers Debate* I am disgusted with Canadian unity. On Canada Day I watched some of our new people becoming Canadians and I was quite bewildered when I heard them make allegiance to the Queen—not to our flag and country. I wonder how we can have unity when Sinclair calls himself "Swedish Canadian." What am I? I'm 30, my father and mother were born in Canada, so does that make me a "Canada Canadian?"

E. I. MACDONALD, TORONTO

I have never been a fan of Gordon Sinclair's but after reading Canada's Problem *Is Not Too Much French, If Anything It's Too Little* (August 8), all I can say is "Hallelujah for Gordon Sinclair." If there were more like him in such areas there would be no separatist movement in Quebec and there would be a better understanding across this great Canada of ours.

JOHN G. ROY, OTTAWA

#### Winning arguments (must to injury)

How can the United States (and other countries) spend more than \$300 million on the Space Shuttle Orbiter (August 8) when the question is raised of making a case for cancer and other diseases?

ALAN PERRON, OTTAWA

The greatest benefit to the most people I am concerned about the negative attitude expressed by Sandra Martin in *The Son of The Mother* (August 8) toward the profession of social work in general, and Barb Parry in particular. It seems to me that Parry has been criticized for trying to help someone and that Martin would prefer the helping professions to assume a more punitive approach. Certainly, a world has been safer not to try to help Deborah Ellis and I'm sure that Parry is taking her share of the burden of responsibility for Vicki Ellis' death. However, it is very easy for Martin to have 20-30 hours' thoughts, I suggest she take into consideration the many, many individuals and families who have been helped during Parry's 25 years of experience and consider that this apparent error in judgment deserves some compensation. To generalize from the incident that "the effectiveness of the whole profession of social work" should be looked into is totally irresponsible.

BARBARA WILSON, DON Mills, ONT

Far too often we fall into the trap of blaming a group for the actions of one member of that group. Sandra Martin fell into that trap in her article on the Ellis case. Though on one can combine the magnitude of the social workers involved, surely the whole profession cannot be attacked—particularly since many of the Children's Aid Society workers who moved "hastily and automatically" actually to gain custody of Vicki must be social workers themselves. Blaming all social workers for Vicki Ellis' death is like blaming all housewives for the death of Maxwell Jaeger.

NALINE HELLSTEN  
THUNDER BAY, ONT

Sandra Martin presented some very disturbing and undesired concerns directed at social workers in her recent article on the Ellis case. Individuals in every profession make mistakes. But it's not fair to label the whole profession wrong with Judge Weisman of Parry's Court, the man who also noted evidence inexcusable concerning the prior death, due to neglect of a sibling, Deborah. Does Martin feel that Judge Weisman and the judicial system do not come to be held accountable in this case? Perhaps this is a profession that the "profession" of journalism does not wish to antagonize.

MICHAELSON REID,  
OWEN SOUND, ONT

The importance of being Muggingside  
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dread up-down means the rest of us have. The most unfortunate period of all this is that a man of his reputation is easily reversed as matter what intensity he claims or what credibly he displays. Why not interview his wife, home money on her soul, to find out her views—if he has her love, say, that's all.

JOHN KEMP, BIRMINGHAM, QUE.

While I do not entirely share Mokelein Muggenidge's bleak outlook for the future, I am in sympathy with his thoughts on the present. It may be due to the fact that I am presently a representative with him as to our present "special situation." In my early years in the Methodist Church was my whole

social life. At one time in California I was superintendent of the Sunday School in the largest church in town. For more than 30 years now, I have not attended church though I am more oriented in the life and teachings of Jesus than ever before. My independent studies have helped me arrive at the conclusion that we are indeed in a spiritual vacuum.

C. L. ARMBRIST, SALMON ARM, BC

So Mokelein Muggenidge finds "nothing of first-rate importance has been produced, miraculously in the 20th century." His view no doubt captures why he says nothing of first-rate importance himself. He admits

the thought just as it reflects his own contrivance, ignoring present and future because he can't stand the contrast.

WOLFGANG CLAYTON, HILTON, ALBERTA

#### Did they must?

When *In Doubt, Cut It Out* (July 35) juxtaposes the myth of irremovable patient threat of Medicare that sustains current medical and political pressures for "interest-free" and "freebies." Without a shred of proof, the article assumes that large numbers of patients demand surgery. It would be pleasant to hear of any reliable statistical study that identifies the percentage of questionable surgery performed on a doctor's recommendation as opposed to the percentage on patient demand.

CATHERINE BROCKWAY  
CITIZENING COMMITTEE  
ACTION MEDICAL, FRANKLIN, MAN.

The statistics and data used in your article on elective surgery are impressive but only partially relevant to the subject. Kenneth Deane has oversimplified a very complex issue. Comparing Alberta with Newfoundland and Ontario with England is not exactly a composite research problem. He also cites evidence in a major reason for the increase in elective surgery. When we elect to finance without and enjoy the benefits of any large urban area, we set standards for ourselves that in turn restrict commitments. In order to meet these commitments we become productive members of our society, in essence, we contract a pit whose profits all interest. If our health is deficient even in a standard period, then we become unproductive and the stability of the pit is threatened. Should surgery be suggested as an answer to our incapacity, then surely we should consider it not as an "adult" but rather as yet another pit of the pit. I fervently elected to have surgery for the removal of a ruptured disc. That decision came after many months of agony during which time I tried many forms of therapy, all of which were unsuccessful. My productivity has increased 100%.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

I have been practicing medicine in Toronto for more than 30 years now. I am neither a surgeon nor related to one, yet in all that time I have seen nothing that vaguely resembles what *In Doubt* tries to say about needless surgery. Fewer medical economics are done because antibiotics have seen to that and I don't think I have ever had a patient whose gallbladder was removed needlessly. No surgeon would take a case that is referred to them by a doctor who has nothing to gain by the referral except the satisfaction of resolving a patient's need. Most doctors are always critical of their own work as they strive to improve. The measure to adopt in grasping the stress of the self-criticism and moving them up into something.

E. LAURE MORAN MD, TORONTO

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# How can Trudeau preserve the whole when he can't even define its parts?

Column by Hu Hames

The balance of economic power in Canada has shifted. The West is emerging as the preeminent economic force in the life of Canada. It is the West and the North that will provide the outcourage for the future. The Maritimes have lost the dominant position they occupied at the time of Confederation and Ontario, Ontario, which has grown rich on its exploitation of Confederation, at last recognizes that fact. Quebec is the story of a national community that has submitted to industrialization instead of participating in it.

Confederation cannot survive in its present form and new policies in a new society. Reorganization of the economic basis of Confederation is necessary not because the original arrangement failed but rather because it achieved a remarkable degree of success. Canadians enjoy one of the highest standards of living in the world. They also enjoy the benefits of living in a civilizing society that has given interesting members better opportunities. The failure of Confederation is found not in its general success but in its lack of attention to detail. Its lack of attention to the equity and the reasonableness of the shares of the economic pie available to the five distinct regions of Canada.

The federal government, dominated by the Liberal Party, has always understood the significance of Upper and Lower Canada but has been absolutely unable to comprehend the other three regions: the North, the West and the Maritimes. The hope for the future lies in finding a vehicle to emerge from this 150-year-old and overgrown a total Canada. Alternately it will be replaced or deleted.

The West with its natural resources and energy is prepared to challenge the role of central Canada dominated by Ontario and Quebec. Tariffs in Canada have always had a highly selective regional effect but it is only recently that it has shown that each year the system pumps a billion dollars of subsidy to the industry from the buyers in the West and the Maritimes.

A region's stake in the tariff policies of Canada is very much a function of the nature of its economic activity in the region.

Consider the situation of the goods-producing industries. If we define the resource-based industries as consisting of such sectors as forestry, fisheries, trapping and mining, the regional dependence on the resource industries is the Maritimes 27%, Quebec 17%, Ontario 14%, Western Canada 6% and 24% for Canada as a whole.

Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario and Western Canada are dependent on resource-based industries that

Ontario, while the Maritimes is even more heavily dependent than Ontario.

Also worthy of note is the importance of manufacturing in each region: 70% of value added in goods-producing industries originates in the manufacturing sector in Ontario, 65% for Quebec, 36% for the Maritimes and 24% for the West.

The selective regional effect of the tariff have been realized by transportation policies. Transportation which was viewed by the Fathers of Confederation as a means of developing all parts of the nation, has not done that. It has not helped to give Canada a better economic balance. Rather, it has preserved the privileges of



Central Canada which began with the construction of the first canal, a public expense.

Regional disparities have been strengthened by the economic direction we have permitted our surface transportation planning to take. What we need in Canada is a transportation system that will bring the economic life of the country effectively into the heartland so that manufacturing and processing of raw materials can be done at the source of those materials, as Mr. Justice Brandeis said so clearly and in his recent report. The means are at hand but their employment demands rejection of the regional privilege that has been so long maintained. Transportation is also linked to the concept of a national market.

The Fathers of Confederation fostered a national, efficient market that would make large-scale production and low cost distribu-

tion viable owners of our prosperity. It didn't happen. The Canadian market is split into five distinct regions: the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario, the West and the North. Because transportation between regions have remained very high it is frequently easier to produce for the regional market under the protection of duties and local usage. Under today's circumstances a manufacturer in Canada, no matter where it is situated, will be unlikely to get the full advantage of the Canadian market for the product it produces.

One of the big economic challenges that face Confederation is to determine the best way to break out of this small market syndrome. How do we most fully realize the advantages of a national market that removes our exclusive and restrictive limits to 31 million people? Clearly the answer is to be found in both policies that persons, Canada as a unified nation. Again, limited policies that seek to preserve the status quo will only succeed in further fragmenting economic opportunities.

The question of how to amend our existing Confederation seems to boil down to one fundamental question: Can the federal government be made responsive to regional needs and aspirations and at the same time avoid creating five mini-states that will ultimately destroy Canada?

As long as the federal government can hold office with three of the five regions of Canada almost unopposed in the caucus, this will not be responsive to regional needs. The fact the Trudeau government could hold office for four years without Alberta representation at a time when the whole place of Alberta in Confederation was being undermined largely by the Conservative Longueville's effort is a tragic commentary on our federal structure. Such results of affairs happen for a reason and that is what it gets. The answer to regionalism is effective participation in a national debate. The alternative is driving self-serving and narrow self-interests to the fore and stifling any ever-thinking horizon.

We need to reexamine Confederation in the light of our daily good fortune and recognize of the contributions that other Canadians make to us. The facts are clear: the problems of economic studies that the Newfound United Debate has spawned, none has been able to show that Canadians would be better off by maintaining this old and precious land.

Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario and Western Canada are dependent on resource-based industries that

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# Preview

## Pope Paul at 80: so much left to do, so little time

As Pope Paul VI approaches his eightieth birthday on September 26, there is growing speculation in the Vatican that it may be his last as Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church. He himself has talked about death—"We should like to make a date with you for next year," he said recently, "but who knows if, old as I am, I shall be able to [do] with you again"—and there is also the possibility of retirement: he has set a retirement age of 80 for his cardinals, and, while he is not bound, he could choose to observe it. The likelihood of his stepping down is decreased, however, by the developing schism within the church (see *A Last Of Faith*, page 22). Pope Paul has no wish to have history remember him as presiding over a 20th-century version of the Reformation.



Pope Paul at journey's end?

## This is your life, Son of Sam



Berkowitz: star quality

Son of Sam (who may or may not be David Berkowitz—who may or may not be David Berkowitz) is the stuff of legends. If anyone doubts that, he or she should consider Jack the Ripper, Billy the Kid and the Boston Strangler. And it appears that the first of the legend-makers will be New York newspaper columnist Jimmy Breslin and author Dick Schaap. They are writing, for Viking Press, a "nonfiction novel" (it is *In Cold Blood*), which is due out this

fall. They may be there the frost, though they are critically to be arriving with the mostest (but lowest) will likely go to Timothy Dowd, the cop who ran the Sam investigation, he arrives in a few months and will be in a position to tell all.

## Gez, they both look so good

Little Orphan Anne's on Broadway, Superman's in the movies, and Wonder Woman's on television. The eye of the comic book has returned. Next in line for resurrection is Sheena (of *Queen Of The Jungle* fame) who starred the lions of pubescent boys (and their fathers) back in the Forties and Fifties. And now stands, two of the world's more contemporary lion-stirrers, Raquel Welch and Farrah Fawcett-Majors.



Welch and Fawcett-Majors: why the actresses are reissues

Yes, are you (or so United Artists would have us believe) for the night to don the sherry-leopardskin costume and bait the true and deadly spear in a theatrical movie based on Sheena's life and times.

## That little matter of the sugar

Most people remember that André Ouellet, now often affairs minister, got into some trouble with the law a while back, that he was convicted of contempt of court, and that he resigned (temporarily) from the cabinet. But how many remember the circumstances? What happened was that in December, 1975, Mr. Justice Kenneth Mackay acquired three big Canadian sugar companies—Alma, Léo, Redpath and St. Lawrence—of price-fixing. Ouellet then con-



sumed affairs minister, reacted by calling the decision "a complete disgrace" and questioning the judge's sanity—which got him into trouble. But if he's a know-out of his trouble, the companies are out of theirs. In October the government's appeal will be heard, and the Crown will have another shot at trying to prove the companies misled Canadians out of an estimated \$150 million between 1965 and 1973. Ouellet is not expected to comment.



the National Assembly. If that plan is adopted, it would allow the assembly campaign financing and voting will borrow from election practices, with the government calling the vote 30 to 60 days before hand. The crucial change from the British model is that spending by each of the opposing governments is to be strictly limited and funded by public grants and contributions from individuals and Quebec political parties. While in Britain any person or organization could join battle, Canadian individuals, companies and unions are legally spread only by contributing to the official referendum committee closest to their views.

The full potential of the committee system blossoms only when it is applied to a potentially referendary offering three options: separation, nonseparation association and remaining in Britain. The Parti Québécois could take effective and disciplined control of both pre-independence consultation, thereby controlling two thirds of the money allocated for the whole campaign. A three-option referendum would also greatly increase the effectiveness of the government's goal of pebbled sovereignty within an associate association with Canada. It would appear as a moderate compromise. All the while refusing to say whether that success is free decision strategy planning. **PO House Leader Burt** did admit its relevance and even solicited a hypothetical result: "If you have, say 49% in favor of associate association and another 35% for outright independence, I think we would be able to draw the necessary conclusion. So would the federal government."

Referendum results cannot be based on British parliamentary government, a situation the referendum planners gladly held up as reason to avoid setting any threshold majority needed to provide the government a mandate. Not only the timing and the wording, but the interpretation of the results is the government's.

DAVID GOODMAN (LONDON)  
GRIAN FRASER

## FREDERICTON

### All the puff hit in print

While a bit handily armed in a print newspaper, Fredrick's Daily Gleaner (circulation 20,150) was nevertheless making its mark. Even New Brunswick's Liberal leader, Robert Higgins, a frequent critic of the provincial press, says it was "becoming a more adroit about newspaper" and "they were doing some encouraging investigative reporting." Higgins equally cited the work of reporter Allan Chisholm who had disclosed that for decades northern Liberal non-Conservative governments in New Brunswick had bolstered up with public aiders on their insurance purchases but rather had actually awarded the business to companies with ties to the party in power.

But the Gleaner's days of doing such investigative reporting are over, at least for



Right (horizontally) of the Gleaner news team may be a matter of opinion, but somewhere there has to be a bottom line

the former editor, Chisholm and 10 other reporters and editors, from a total staff of 15, were fired suddenly one afternoon last month, the culmination of a dispute over what constitutes news, as opposed to promotion.

The Gleaner's former managing editor Jim Morrison, who joined last spring, had mixed staffer salaries, encouraged investigative work and generally improved the paper, both in breaking material and a place to work. But in the months since his departure, the newsroom atmosphere had changed, differing in what news was to be printed. "In my career I've never heard of such a thing. Enlightened management doesn't do that," commented Morrison from his farm near Woodstock, N.S.

To media-watchers, the case of the Fredericton 11, who became 10 when a sports writer was mistakenly picked out the fingers of a non-sports newspaper market. These dangers are as real in Saskatchewan, where the Sifton family dominates the media, as they are in New Brunswick, where the Irving interests control all five English-language dailies, plus a magazine and a TV and radio station. The fear is that with little or no print competition, the publishers can concentrate on profits and worry less about journalistic principles or holding competent news staffs. So the weeks leading up to the mass dismissal, some Gleaner editors and reporters had been complaining about increasing amounts of news space being devoted to more openings, local merchants' recovery plans and the like. For assistant city editor Peter Bryant, 39, the last straw was a

page announcing the third printing of *Belleville*, a book about New Brunswick's failed union vote, sponsored by Brunswick Press, an associate company of The Gleaner's. (Management was apparently under the impression that Page One reviews might help the book's circulation.) H.A. Fenderson, just on contract, Front Page Challenge 1. Bryant, who was being promoted as the next managing editor, objected to the story and asked to return to his old job on the city desk. Instead, he was fired, and that led to letters of protest from the other staffers—and ultimately to his dismissal.

The conflict doesn't end there—the staffers considered Fredericton lawyer Jay Clarke Moulder, who has told them they have good cause to sue for wrongful dismissal. Although they were under way to arrange discussions between the two sides. But in the same time the heat was on across Canada for new jobs. And The Gleaner, which acknowledged its frays in a brief announcement of new staff appointments. ("A number of employees had been released due to the necessity for staff reductions") has been doing no local paper with features on a series of embarrassing soft-pornish in the large number of vulgar allusions to the provincial legislature this month. **DONALD FOLKES**

## VANCOUVER

### The crime of the year

When defense lawyer Jay Clarke finished his impassioned summation to the jury in a sensational Vancouver rape trial last month, he was promptly shut up by a female speaker. Clarke, in fact, to obtain as acquittal for his client, a wealthy Vancouver businessman charged with raping his real estate agent, had just told the British Columbia Supreme Court jury a "Jenny Holm" about another rape trial, with the pseudonym "Hugoo" year after July, I'm going to—your old story can tell off." Several members of the age-mixed, three-woman jury did laugh. But that did not stop them, after 10 hours of deliberations spread over two days. From grumpy Friday George Pappagallo gaily Pappagallo 38, a slim, elegantly dressed man with red-tinted hair, in Vancouver and California, almost welcomed when he

breast the verdict. After he was sentenced by Mr. Justice Souter's five-to-three years in prison, he said, "My lord, I'd like to say that I'm innocent."

Many of the spectators filing out of the hot crowded courtroom in the last few weeks were amazed that they had been throughout the 10-day trial. The testimony had caused a sensation in Vancouver, a city still smoldering in the aftermath of the 1981 rioting. The many aspects of a case that had everything, it seemed, was not as unusual as the fashion report, but an apparently well-respected member of the Vancouver business community (almost one who praised the other more pleasure of sexual head-scratching, as plaintiff, a 37-year-old real estate agent who, in her anger and frustration at what she felt was the unfairness of the Crown prosecutors to her case, sought to make it as public as possible. By writing letters of protest to various politicians and one female journalist she succeeded, and a cause célèbre was born. Representatives of feminist groups monitored the trial, as did prominent female politicians including Liberal MP Sena Hilly, New Democratic MP, a Ministry of Women and Vancouver alderman Debbie Martin.

As much as they were determined to give the woman an acquittal, moral support, the politicians and feminist activists were the force for the general purpose of increasing how the law legislation governing

rape trials in British Columbia. Introduced in March, 1976, Bill C-77 decreed, among other things, that a woman's past sexual history could not be brought up casually in a rape trial. Nevertheless, most of the women present found the trial was still a useful model for the woman. Her character was unimpaired, she was called a "Lady Macbeth" and an "actress" by the defense, and she was the subject to what the feminist thought were cheap shots during cross-examination. "I have a lot of respect for her," said rape relief worker Margo Ellis, "but I don't know if I could do what she is doing."

Although the rape trial was seen as "typical" by rape relief workers who maintain that in most cases the woman is usually acquainted with the man before the assault, the atmosphere in the courtroom was anything but normal. As the trial progressed, it took on a bizarre, schizophrenic quality. There were "her people" and "her people" ("almost like a wedding," recalled the plaintiff if after it was over). Her people were, for the most part, fairly dismayed, the well-coiffed women in their Diane Von Furstenberg dresses, the men in Pierre Cardin shirts. Her people, the feminists and politicians, sat closer to the front, and an overall consensus existed so strongly to evidence that the jury complained to the deputy sheriff. They after they all sat next to the plaintiffs gave their testimony. She mentioned that on August 4, 1976, after

leaving a downtown restaurant, she drove with Pappagallo to his Shaughnessy house, which she was trying to sell, and that, after they entered the house, he showed her into a bedroom and repeatedly raped her, using his hands behind her back and gagging her. He told the jury that after drinking a substantial amount during lunch, they had sex in the living room, and that she had consented to sexual advances, and had "a lot of knowledge" as "a vital crisis situation" to say. They both agreed she had sex naked from his home, ending up on the doorstep of a nearby home for consideration.

Pappagallo told the court the woman had "given me an indication she wanted to be subverted," while she claimed Pappagallo had said he "was going to break me." In the end, the jury chose to believe the woman, who, in the words of Crown Counsel, Alan Frazier, had been "an independent lady who begged Mr. Pappagallo." The assistant, he said, had been a matter of "domination, submission, possession and control."

Layoffs for Pappagallo seemed inevitable. They would offend the verdict. One of the grounds they cited was the fact that the judge did not warn the jury it would be unsafe to convict on uncorroborated testimony. This, however, appears to be a direct challenge to the new legislation which allows the woman's testimony to be uncorroborated. After spending a week and in city jail, Pappagallo was released on \$15,000 bail and could expect to enjoy several months of freedom before his appeal would be heard. In the meantime, the woman intended that she not consider the case closed with the guilty verdict: three days later she launched a lawsuit against Pappagallo, claiming damages from a "criminal assault" (she testified in court that she had made \$4000 a month selling real estate but had given an agent of her work some the incident). The lawsuit against many people in the legal community. "We had discussed that in law school, but I've never heard of a woman suing a rapist," said one lawyer. "You can look for a combination of real estate prosecution and libel." Responded Pappagallo's lawyer Jay Clarke.

The woman also took the unorthodox step of appearing in a videotape to present her account—to an audience on local television station in which she urged rape victims to either go through with a trial or "go home and get a gun and go out and shoot him." She also said there was no real justice for rape victims, as Sena Hilly had agreed. "I've been going to rape trials since I was 21—and nothing's changed. We need to improve the system, but not only really knows how. All I know is that if he hadn't been found guilty she would have been, and that's not right." **JUDITH THOMAS**

Pappagallo asserted off to jail following his rape conviction. He isn't over yet





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The Young Street Shop at the beginning of the end: a 'service' disappeared with

the respectable merchants of Kensington Street. A group called the Toronto Entertainment Association recently published an advertisement suggesting that Kensington Street could become just like another in Toronto's Strip. Would-be reformers in Winnipeg have been stymied since 1975 when a body-art operation began delaying stores, against a local bylaw that would have actively contained their hours of business (some operate 24 hours a day), clashed the minimum age demand and requested visitors to repress their most desires.

• In one-woman Montreal, where "The Man" (St. Lawrence Boulevard West) in its postwar heyday would have made today's Young Street look tame, the body-photography, nude-encounter, and body-art shops have been all but closed. Last year, police reminded what they described as a multi-million-dollar massage monopoly controlled by a businessman named Richard (Ziggy) Werman, now serving 4½ years for attempting to corrupt a police officer, living off the sweat of prostitution and operating houses of prostitution.

Despite the concern among municipal leaders and urban citizens, Canada is really minor-league in the commercial sex field—compared to the United States or such mid-range European countries as Holland, West Germany, Denmark and Sweden. But Canada may be heading their way at least as far as pornographic movies are concerned. The Supreme Court is expected to bring down a decision soon on a ruling by the Nova Scotia Court of Appeal to the effect that provinces have no author-

ity to pass, and once the trial begins and the world details become public, I fear that emotions will run strongly against gays. I can understand why, but it's a pity. The gay community was as shocked by what happened as anyone else was."

Young Street after dark. Vincent Alton. The murmur of U.S. visitors, amazed to see low-shedding citizens strutting in complete safety. Neon Street neonons. Crowds taking turn and, until late last month, girls, health spas, concave studios, body-art joints. Pimps. Streetwalkers. Gays. Good-nice Charlies. Kids gawking or gawking. Minor pograms. Major spreads. Mostly a fun place, mostly okay.

Call her Jesse. In the work-to-night world of commercial sex real women don't matter anyway. Jesse is as good a name as any, and besides, there's a song about her.

Jesse, is it true that you're grown kinder these four years,

Gallop down your sidewalk on the street?

How much did you lose between the laughter and the tears.

Get on back the better for the years?

And when Kris Kristofferson wrote it he might have been writing about almost any of the young women who've been grinding out a bit living in the massage parlors of Main Street, North America. The losses of Young Street, predictably, run to a typical young, under-educated, freshly straitened, greedy and, like most women (despite the label "bawdy"), lazy lot.

The losses mostly tell one thing up, in sleazy clubs, with imaginative names such as Relaxation Plus, Skin Deep, Venus, or Charlie's Angels. There in their tacky upstairs at their work-up hour and their sleep-down mezzines, they work their shifts. They may pose in the nude for incompetent "photographers" or sit in the nude and pretend to discuss a client's sexual problems as they may stand in the nude and half-heartedly rub away oil on the client's body. But this is all beside the point. The point is extreme—materialism, oral sex, and simulation—which no one connected with the "industry" really tries to deny anyone. Jesse's earnings depend on how many clients she can persuade to let her to buy, and how much she can extract from him for the service. When she's not "working," Jesse often rations slices. "Well, uh, you know, these guys have their problems and we sort of help. I mean, it's like we're social workers or something." Or the complaint: "That crackdown really won't change anything, except it's making it hard for me to make a buck." Or she warns: "Get stuffed, we've had enough trouble with inspectors." Or she exclaims and says, "You know, I kind of like the work and the money's good, and besides nobody really gets hurt." Prostitution is sometimes described as a "victimless crime." The losses of Young Street suggest otherwise. ☐

Meanwhile, the homosexual community in Toronto worries about a backlash, once the cure accused of slaying Eliahu Jacqui come to trial. Says George Bakop, 50, president of the Community Homophile Association of Toronto (CHAT): "To a certain extent, the body-art shops attracted the natural heat when the other regions came under fire. But once

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# A loss of faith

The decline of the Roman Catholic Empire

By Hubert de Santana



For most Canadian Catholics over 30, the complex experience of Roman Catholicism remains fixed forever in the amber of memory. From the cradle we were subjected to a system of intense indoctrination and forced fed with religious until our souls helped like the loaves of Stalderberg, going to work early to understand why the "assault boat" "Give me a child of high faith to the age of seven and I have him for life" was not made up.

Very often the Church was not so much a loving mother as a censorious ogre, aware whose pronouncements, especially on sex, made up a long history of prohibitions. But the church also provided Catholics of the Forties and Fifties with colorful tales: "miracles of inquiry and anxiety with prayers in perpetual gold-trimmed vestments chanting Latin prayers and hymns amid burning crosses of incense. For those of us who served in altar boys, sacrificed and sustained it did not matter one whit that beneath the robes and the robes were pagan rites of sympathetic magic. We were privileged to assist at the rituals of transubstantiation—the changing of bread and wine into the actual body and blood of Jesus Christ. We sacrificed responses to prayers we couldn't hear in a

language we didn't understand. The Church gave us tradition and aspirational power and discipline.

We all went to confession on Saturdays kneeling in the sweating darkness of confession boxes, humbly talking our sins to a priest who took the place of God. We went to Mass and Communion on Sundays. We journeyed through sermons and wrestled with storming debates when priests described for us the horrors of hell, a vast burning of eternal sweat perpetuated by demons tormented with supporting bodies and more souls than the sands in Jew. We had our breath blessed on St. Blaise Day, our kneelings blessed with robes on Ash Wednesday, we suffered through the Stations of the Cross on Good Friday and rejoiced in the triumph of the Resurrection on Easter Sunday.

The school kids got holidays when the Protestants didn't. And we grew up eating fish on Fridays because we got to eat if we ate meat. We gathered for the family meals every evening, serving our heads before a dinner which contained lobster and sides of saints. And wine medals and aspartame to ward off evil spirits. The walls of our homes were embellished with crucifixes and pictures of the Sacred Heart

which showed Jesus holding in one hand a flaming heart wreathed with thorns, with a goblet in his side from which blood flowed, a cross protruded from the scrotum. His free hand was held up palm-outward like a politician's open book. These grotesque and powerful icons held our imaginations prisoner—splendor and oppression had an equal place in Catholicism. For some Catholics it was help for the spirit; for others it was more like hypnosis—intoxicant and delirious.

All that has changed and changed utterly. The Catholic Church which 20 years ago talked of no lay in the church initiated, is now shrinking in the agony of the church disintegrated. Canada's 10 million Catholics today are engaged in a debate with their church in never before.

I started with Pope John XXIII who threw open the windows with the second Vatican Council. But the windows opened on perilous seas, and with the light they also let in a flood which carried away the historical enclaves and traditional underpinnings of the Church. Suddenly there were no more comfortable certainties. There was instead a head-long questioning of all the old values and many of those no longer seemed venerable.

In the 12 years since the council ended, the Church has sustained heavy casualties. There has been a steep decline in church attendance. A Gallup survey showed that in 1965 10% of Canadian Catholics claimed weekly attendance at church. 11 years later the figure was down to 5.5%. In 1975 a Gallup poll indicated that 67% of Catholics felt that religion was losing its relevance on Canadian life. Secondary enrollment has fallen from 1.565 in 1962 to a mere 199 in 1977, because of a continuing "crisis of vocations." In 1962 there were 7,107 priests in Canada; today there are 5,634. Of these the largest segment (25.6%) are between the ages of 35 and 44. Finally there are 41,485 nuns in Canada, compared with 59,712 in 1960. Most of these are middle-aged; those between 25 and 34 years make up only 5.2% of the total number.

The principal cause of all this turmoil has been identified by Andrew Greeley, a sociologist and director of the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago. Last year Greeley published a study called *Catholic Schools in a Dying Church*, which was packed with sensitive data that exploded like dynamite among conservative Catholics. It offered a cogent theory to explain the present chaos in the Church, and reinforced it with detailed statistics. Greeley has emerged as one of the most outspoken and important voices in the liberal ranks of the Church, so we will not underestimate the impact of his book. (The *Conservative* he is popular and influential and, however, trying to be to conservatives in his favorite role as ecclesiastical gadfly, he cannot be spared.)

Intense and highly strong, Greeley does not mince his words, he is convinced that the crisis was not caused by Vatican II, nor was it the result of any long-term secularization. It is the result of "the massive mission made of the Second Vatican Council, particularly with the back control encyclical *Munus Pastoralis*." This encyclical was issued by Paul VI in July 1968. It forbade the world's 600 million Catholics to use any artificial methods of birth control, it gave its approval only to the rhythm method (mockingly dubbed "Wilson Roulette"). It mentioned loftily about "wisdom of life" and spoke of the need for "accidental procreation" and "periodic continence." Predictably, the encyclical was disaster.

Moving to try and define an explosive statement, Canadian bishops issued a harsh and sympathetic statement on the encyclical in September 1968. It did not contradict the Pope on any point, but it asked Catholics who found it difficult to be bound by his decree that "whenever honestly chosen that course which seems right to him does so in good conscience." Never-

theless, the Second Vatican Council was a no other encyclical has done before or since. "I was horrified when I read it," says Greeley, "and I read it with an open mind. He [Paul VI] listed the reasons for change and then demanded that without answering them." Greeley states flatly that the encyclical was "a misuse of papal authority."

The opposite view is expressed by Anne Roche, who spoke for thousands of Catholics in her book *The Gifts of All*, which attacked liberals in terms of shrill hyperbole more usually associated with her father-in-law, Malcolm Muggeridge. She is a very formidable lady, a Newfoundland with dark flaming eyes and a voice that can make a listener's stomach lurch. She is the daughter of a liberal who refers to her as *Attila* the Hun. Roche writes of the Pope: "Conservatives love Pope Paul and pray for him; they would not be surprised to live with him ornamented because of *Munus Pastoralis*, which has proved to have been the last great papal attempt to halt the disintegration of Christian society."

A 1968 survey showed that 94% of Catholics in Toronto felt that the encyclical had not settled the matter of birth control, and 80% felt that they would practice contraception in good conscience.

The Second Vatican Council was opened by Pope John XXIII in October 1962 and was closed by Pope Paul VI in December 1965, after four sessions. Vatican II was a watershed in the history of the Church. Its ostensible purpose was expressed in the word *aggiornamento*, bringing up to date. But what it amounted to was the tremendous

task of bringing a medieval church into the contemporary world, and it could not be accomplished without a severe trauma.

The 16 documents that the council produced affirmed all the central teachings of the Church, but they were informed with a liberalism previously unknown to a Church whose authoritarianism was legendary. The Declaration on Religious Freedom stated that religious freedom was a human right—an affirmation the Church had never made before. Gaudium et Spes declared, among other things, that the Church owed itself to men as involved when human rights are trampled.

The council introduced liturgical reforms. The Latin Triduum Mass, which had been fixed by the Council of Trent in 1570, was modified, and permission was given for the laity to be in the sanctuary though Latin remained the official



Pope Paul: Is he destroying the Church, or saving it? The current turmoil suggests the former, but history will judge.

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One of the backcountry country bike paths of Holland.

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final language of the Church. A dialogue on socialism was opened with Protestants. And Catholics were granted greater freedom of conscience.

The second sought to dilute anti-Semitism which was one of the most deplorable aspects of Christian teaching. Instead of acknowledging, and rejoicing in the fact that Christianity is an offspring of Judaism, Christian churches and lay centers made ignorant assertions that the Jews were guilty of the death of Jesus by causing on His execution. Pope Pius XII's silence during the Holocaust, and the help provided by the Vatican in escaping Nazis at the end of the war are hardly surprising in view of this tradition of anti-Semitism.

The women's liberation, and particularly its liturgical reforms, were strongly condemned by conservative Catholics who bitterly resented the passing of the old dogmatism and mystery on aside in favor of simpler rites. In his book *Anne Roche* describes the new Mass as "null-to-well more simplified by microphone and aided on to greater heights by poems. You get the incorrect feeling that you are a member of a studio audience

at a go-go-ry television show."

I recently attended a Mass at Our Lady of the Airways Church in Manhattan and found the ceremony barely recognizable. The play and ceremony was gone, in their place is a homely, informal service. The words of hymns and prayers are projected on a screen for benefit of those who don't know them. The congregation stands for the elevation of the Host and the distribution of kneeling with bowed heads until the past. Conversations also stand, and may recur the Host in the hand if they so wish. The sermon is now a "homily," but its effect seems to be the same—the young were as frequent and as earnest as they were during my youth. The words were here except for large borrowings with each legend as Jesus Begins New Life, Start of a New Beginning, The Fire of Life Gone are the Stations of the Cross, Holy pictures and statues.

Most young Catholics prefer the new liturgy, because it makes church services accessible and comprehensible. "The new Mass is more human and less boring," says Wilma Corbucci, a 22-year-old social worker. "I can understand what's going on and I can take part more fully than I could with the Latin Mass." But for an older generation of conservative Catholics, a cherished tradition was irretrievably lost in the wake of Vatican II.

The most extreme example of resistance to change has come from French Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre in Switzerland, who stubbornly refuses to celebrate the Tridentine Mass in defiance of the Vatican. Lefebvre hopes for a return to a private Church which will be free of "bishops, bureaucrats and wolves", but he is fighting a losing battle. For ambivalence to Rome is futile. Far from posing a serious threat of schism in the Church, "l'Affaire Lefebvre" is little more than a media event. For the archbishop has already placed himself outside the Church, and the members of his followers are insignificant when compared with the world's total Catholic population.

The Catholic conservatives today are like the old American aborigine who was given a new bowstring and spent the rest of his life trying to throw the old one away. The only thing to do is to drop it, but this is something conservatives are unwilling to do. Instead they complain of the psychological torture to which they are subjected by a church that they feel has badly misused their traditions.

The Most Reverend Eusebio Carter, Bishop of London, Ontario is an authority in the field of religious education and an expert on liturgy. And as president of the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops, his word carries exceptional weight, authority and influence. Carter unhesitatingly admits that the Catholic Church is



**Pope John, in portrait and opening the Easter Vigil in Rome in 1963: did the wind of change become a hurricane?**

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Canada is in trouble. But he carefully defines what he means by trouble. He explains that the Church is "ecclesiastical"—Catholics believe that God revealed himself to and through a man. Therefore the Church is intrinsically bound up with the human condition. Says Carter: "The Catholic Church has always been a church of the people, never a church of the elite." Viewed from an historical perspective, Carter feels that the Church's present troubles are "nothing." He claims that the crisis of the Church is that of all mankind. Carter says the word *ecumenicity* to characterize the mass of today, who has looked away from certainty and is concerned only with things of the moment. "He lives from one television program to another, from one sexual experience to another, from one day to another, from one car or pot to another. The Church has to be troubled by this because it lives with man, and the people who are in the Church are not divorced from it, and it mustn't be divorced from it."

Yet most of Canada's 10 million Catho-

lics (they constitute 47% of the population) feel that there is not enough communication between the hierarchy and the laity. This was borne out by Gidon Maxwell's study, *Project Feedback*, undertaken for the social affairs department of the CCC. Maxwell proposed an experiment in social germination: he would explain and repeat how a cross-section of Canadians at local levels felt about social goals, everyday life, faith experiences, religious and civil involvement and prospects for the 1980s.

Bishop Carter's assertion that the Catholic Church is a church of the people was not supported by many of Maxwell's respondents. A random sampling of others advised to the hierarchy:

*Woman, Canada, Community worker:* "In the first place, get out of the churches, get down to the people and find out what they want and what their needs are."

*Quebec, Sebastian homemaker:* "Be with the people—women, blacks, the weak. Be a church for all the people." *Widow:* "I'd try to follow the simple ways of Jesus. Life was not complicated. Relationships

complicated. Jesus was with the people."

*Alaska, Canada, Single parent:* "Come down to earth and get back with the people."

Race and social action groups have multiplied across the country like spores on a petri dish. The most dynamic of these is the *Charismatic Renewal* movement, where membership numbers in the tens of thousands in Canada, and about five million in the United States. A Pentecostal group which began in California in 1960, its first members were Protestants. But it is interdenominational, and today at least half its members are Catholics. Last June, eight bishops and 900 priests officiated at a meeting of 45,000 Charismatics in Montreal's Olympic Stadium. It was a spectacular display of mass hysteria, with members riding their eyes in a line down the aisles, shouting, shouting, shouting, possibly and certainly incoherently, while "tongues" leapt from their mouths and pronounced themselves miraculously cured.

For the past decade birth control, abortion, divorce, priestly celibacy and the ordination of women priests have remained the most contentious issues in the Church. Anne Rodhe feels critical birth control, hateful and repugnant ("I wouldn't touch the Pill with a large pole") and passionately defends the Church's stand on contraception. But she is a voice crying in the wilderness. More than 80% of lay Catholics I talked to were in favor of birth control, and felt that the Church's ruling was callous, irrational and outdated. "I don't think the Church ought to leave something as important as children to chance," remarks Dorcas Carlsens, a 48-year-old housewife and mother of six children.

Most Catholics endorse the Canadian bishops' statement on abortion: "Respect for life is a fundamental moral principle. Direct abortion is a most grievous wrong since it involves the ending of a developing human life." At the same time many Catholics feel that exceptions should be made in cases of rape or other special circumstances. "I don't believe that either the Church or the government has the right to dictate on abortion; it should be left up to the individual," says Pierre Sirbu, a 33-year-old community centre project manager. "A 13-year-old girl who finds herself pregnant may lack the physical, mental and psychological capacity to go through the process of having a baby; in such a case an abortion should be granted, if the girl wants one after she's had sympathetic counselling."

"One of the great crimes of the Catholic Church was its implacable stand on divorce, making people stay together when they absolutely hated and despised each other," said novelist Brian Moore recently in *Maclean's*. Most Catholics agree with Moore, though arguments are being

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Carter of a contemporary ceremony at a Hungarian church in London. *Stetson:* It's not how many you lose, but when.

gained with increasing frequency Requests for annulments (a formal dissolution by the Church that because of some lack of vigour, intention or impediment, a true marriage never actually took place) into the offices of the episcopal curia (the office of the bishop) in Canada. A Catholic who is granted an annulment can then obtain a civil divorce and remarry with the Church's blessing.

The drive to open Holy Orders to women is directly linked to the Church's insistence that celibacy be mandatory for Catholic priests. The 1971 World Synod of Bishops decided against the abolition of celibacy for priests and that decision was reaffirmed by Paul VI last March. So a society that puts a heavy emphasis on sex is not easy for a young man to make a lifetime commitment to celibacy, whereas a generation ago it was considered an honour to try. Besides, many lay Catholics feel that celibacy is a particularly dysfunctional, and prevents a priest from having any understanding or insight into problems of sexual intimacy.

The Church's increased youth aid has on women priests was upheld in January of this year. A decision issued by the Vatican's Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith explained that "the Church in fidelity to the example of the Lord, does not consider herself authorized to admit women to the priestly ordination."

Open fires at lightning in women members, this ruling places a stumbling block in



Brooklyn: all wrong realized in Rome

the way of any further unity between the Roman and the Anglican churches. A solid majority (75%) of Catholics would accept women priests.

What is the future of the Church in Canada? It is unlikely that the Church is on the verge of a religious renaissance, what is undeniable is that the Church as an institution is in a very bad shape, with an embarrassing array of clergy and fully matching away from worldly and belief. Bishop-Corcoran

said that these issues should be considered on a qualitative rather than on a quantitative basis. "If people have suddenly stopped going to church because there is no longer any social pressure to do so, then they didn't have very good reasons for going in the first place. So those who are going to church now will be better Catholics because they're going out of conviction."

For some Catholics, the decision to drop out of the Church is a painful one. They do not slip out of their religion with the ease of a snake sloughing off a second skin. It is a wrenching, agonizing experience which can leave a faded Catholic with lasting bitterness and disillusionment.

But for the Church to realize and demolish and has survived many crises in its long history. Whether it will emerge from the present one strong and revitalized depends upon its ability and willingness to evolve and adapt itself to the needs of a rapidly changing society. In its present extreme state the Church cannot afford another decade of cost moves between faith and reality. Only massive conversions of faith from a new generation of Catholics can restore it to anything like its former state of health. But it has first to win back the confidence of those under 30. And the way to do it is to talk less and listen more to what the people are saying. If the Catholic Church goes on wilfully ignoring the wishes of its people, it will walk one day to find itself addressing empty pews and rows of votes.



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Don't leave home without it

# A child for the taking

Who gets the kids? Sometimes, whoever kidnaps them

By Elaine Dewar



Terry Giles answered a knock in the door of his Toronto apartment. His sister-in-law swooped in, scooped up his younger daughter, Shona, and ran out. His estranged wife grabbed his daughter Michelle. Giles grabbed her back. There was a ring of war. His shirt was ripped to shreds. His wife let go and dashed down the hall. Giles charged to the balcony just in time to see her car peeling away from the curb. Shona was screaming. "I want my daddy!" at the top of her lungs. He called the police. Family fight, they said, nothing we can do. He went to court for interim custody of the children, but by the time he got it his wife and Shona had disappeared. The police refused to trace them, private investigators couldn't find them. Giles hasn't seen Shona since she was snatched last September. Money is tight (the legal and investigation fees totaled \$7,000), he's looking out in a new home. He has an unlisted phone. He's afraid his wife will try for Michelle again.

Kris Burke, until recently a solicitor in the legal department of External Affairs in Ottawa, has worked on dozens of international child abduction cases. He tells a scary story. An Ottawa man (Burke won't release his name) divorced his wife and was awarded custody of his eight-year-old son by the Ontario Supreme Court. But his ex-wife, a German citizen, grabbed the boy and flew home to Germany. He followed her and fought through three levels of the West Berlin courts to have his Ontario order enforced. The highest court said a new custody trial must be held in Germany. He fought for custody through the three courts again, and won. Then his ex-wife took off with her son. A warrant was issued for her arrest but the West Berlin police say they haven't the manpower to track her down. "He's a beaten man," says Burke.

Lou Pleson lives in Surrey, BC. Her husband left her in 1973 and 10 days later he vanished her youngest son, Steven, out of the yard. She searched for him for three years with almost no help from the police and no luck. Finally, in March 1976, her husband was picked up by police. He refused to reveal Steven's whereabouts on a Family Court judge. He was jailed. A week later he gave in and Steven was returned to Lou. But her husband was granted visiting rights and two months later he picked Steven up in school and vanished. He sent Lou a letter saying, in effect, "You're right, you'll never catch me now." There is a criminal warrant out for his arrest but Pleson is convinced the police aren't doing much about it. "Our police sergeant

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Children's rights organizations in the United States estimate that between 10,000 and 100,000 American children are stolen by one parent from another every year. An organization called the Association of Parents of Kidnapped Children estimates that anywhere up to 10,000 kids are stolen yearly in Canada and spirited away to other provinces, other countries around the world. Estimates are of these groups have—no one keeps statistics on child theft.

Those abductions are technically illegal. Section 250 of the Criminal Code prohibits a parent from kidnapping his children. The first part of the section states that a person who deprives a lawful parent of a child under the age of 14 could go to prison for up to 10 years. But there is a loophole. Subsection two says this doesn't apply to anyone claiming rights to the child in good faith. That's the catch, unless a court has already ruled on custody, parents have equal rights to a child. A parent who snatches a child from his custody order, or has lost custody by failing to appear in court, can always argue he believed he had a right to the child. And 75% of all child snatches do occur before a court order. The abduction charge is therefore rare and convictions are almost nonexistent.

Even when there are clear grounds for criminal action, the police and Crown prosecutors go for it only under the most intense pressures. Professionals in the criminal courts view child-snatching as little more than a poisonous family fight, a civil matter best dealt with by the civil courts. But the civil courts have grave difficulty enforcing custody orders. Custody battles are waged primarily under provincial legislation in this country and a custody order means only in provincial borders. In some provinces it is possible for a parent to snatch a child, run across the province, appeal to the courts for custody, and get it. Since physical possession of the child helps establish the grounds for a favorable decision, the other parent sometimes has difficulty proving the child should be returned. This happens often enough that there is a name for it: *Service shopping*.

In 1975, Lisa Preston started Parents of Kidnapped Children (or now has 100 mem-



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## The abduction industry: some guys will do anything to make a buck

There's always somebody who'll do a dirty job if the price is right.

Donald Ulfinger owns a private investigation agency in Fairfax, Virginia. In the past five years he's earned out 200 child snatches and released 500 others. Claiming to be the biggest operator in the United States (he's also done jobs in Canada), Ulfinger is one man judge, jury and noose. "I'll take a case whether there's a custody order or not," he says. "I think the client should have the kid."

For a minimum fee of \$2,500 (which sometimes shoots as high as \$10,000) he locates the missing child, sets up a surveillance to establish a pattern of movement, and then comes in to grab and run. Factors include parents, and speedboats. His men never touch the child (that would make it a real kidnapping); they just make it possible for them to get in and out in one piece. Ulfinger has a few laws. It's a very emotional situation and my clients agree to take strict orders from me. I always search them for weapons."

Ulfinger admits of a few. "Messiah," looks like a kid, wears a green shirt, green work clothes, grey sneakers and steb cheeks (he's the old boots). "They call me Mean Gene," he laughs. He operates out of phone booths, bus stations and safe houses all across the United States and rarely goes home (his fee is \$250 per location) and the right to publish. "I'm not in this for the money. This is a vigilante. I tried to get government interested for seven years with letters and all that, and nothing. So I got a black and white photo of the kid and sent it to Dad now he's really paying attention."

Mean Gene calls snatches "heists," and does one or two a month. That adds up to a lot of kidnapping. He believes it exists since 1963. He draws a line between parents who do the first snatch and the parents who wait for their child back. "I work for the parent with the first legal order out. The second one is about as useful as a piece of toilet paper. About 80% to 90% of the cases involve about of neglect. The kinds of people who make the

first snatch are convicted criminals, religious cultists, nuts and mental deviants.

Austin thinks of himself as the protector of children held prisoner by religious cults and scornful parents, or awarded to unworthy women by biased courts. He is also saving them from the dangers of the "self-help" snatch. His points out that a man and his son were taken in Oklahoma



and every last year. The injury rate is not high, but a third higher than you do get with me. The most common injury is that the parents grab the kid's arms and yank back and forth and the kid's arms get pulled out of their sockets. The second one is that the parent gets up the kid to run, and trips or something. The kids get broken bones that way. The third one happens when you show the kid in the car too fast and they get cut on something sharp. Most one kid has been injured with me. It's like looking at a hot iron. But it's still a dangerous business. I've gone through roadblocks with the police

chasing me. I just came home through a nationwide wire [all points bulletin].

There is still a charge out for me for kidnapping in North Carolina. I've had three attempts on my life. In those years, but they're not going to get me." Austin has six active cases in Canada, two in British Columbia and the others in Edmonton, Calgary, Thunder Bay and Brampton.

Canadian private investigators are a little more retiring. They don't like to come they do child snatches but if you ask the right questions? "Do you locate?" "Yes. Do you set up a surveillance (being for a pattern of movement)?" "Yes." "Do you take your client to the location, see what they grab the child, and then help them get away?" "The answer is often yes."

Allen, Affirm of Advocate Investigation Services in Toronto, believes that his firm has handled 20 to 25 tough cases in the past two years. The average fee is about \$4,000 but it can run as high as \$12,000. Affirm is disgusted by the clients. "In most circumstances both parents and families. They tend to only for themselves. They would use any means to destroy the other parent. Someone should be representing the child's rights against the parents."

Karl Wack, a 34-year-old investigator for Toronto's Aston Associates, has his diamond pickup ring while he talks about a case he just finished. "An English client came to Toronto and asked for help snatching her child. She had custody in England so she agreed to do it. He checked the legal records with the Post National police, followed their advice to the letter and put the woman back on the plane with her son. But he didn't like the operation at all. The kid was screaming, looking, calling out bangs. He was only six years old and he didn't recognize her. We got him in the car and set on driving like hell to the airport and he says, 'Please Mr. Wack, turn around, she's not my mother, she's not my mother.'"

Wack doesn't like child snatchers either. "My impression is that they're afraid of agencies. I feel they're doing it out of spite. I'm sure these guys don't do it for the kid."

serious work," she says.

She met and married Hugh MacKubine, a Canadian painter, in Los Angeles in 1973, just after she left high school. She moved to Toronto with him and her son Philip, 1975. She was 19, he was 21. The marriage was over. In November of 1974 she was back in L.A. with Philip. She had a separation agreement giving her custody. A month later, Hugh came down to see her and things were friendly. Then, in March, 1975, he applied for a divorce. The day after Philip was served with his notice, he appeared at her door and asked

to take Philip to Disneyland. Something was Gloria's tooth on edge. She asked if she could have him for the day thinking of the bad but he'd bring Philip back. They were to take both cars to her father's restaurant and switch Philip got into his Dad's Volkswagen and Gloria followed them down the road. "We came to a stop light and he made a turn and took off into traffic. I just lost what he'd done." Philip and Hugh were gone.

She went to the police. When she looked out her apartment, again, they laughed. They told her to go back to Toronto wherever she thought he might be and look for him—they couldn't do anything for her.

She stayed in California long enough to get through the divorce hearing. She was granted custody. Philip in hand, she and her sister, Heather, Morley, drove back to Toronto. She tried a lawyer, applied for custody and used to get an abduction warrant for Hugh. "I couldn't get one because of the jurisdiction," she sighs. "The kidnapping happened in California."

Without a warrant, the police couldn't help her so she hired Toronto investigator Paul Stone. ("The dozen of sleep tracers, a woman of a thousand lies," laughs the Toronto lawyer) to find Hugh. Stone dug up the addresses of all his relatives in Ontario and even went to some of the homes violating her policy of working only by phone) to check them out. ("I've got him," says Stone.) Over the next two years, Gloria says, she paid Stone at least \$1,000.

She dropped the need a leg man. She hired Ron Madden of Aston Associates to set up surveillance on relatives in Toronto and other Ontario communities. The information told Gloria they didn't know where Hugh was. One day, his sister Volkswagen ("I practically drove off the road wherever I saw one like it") was spotted in front of his mother's house in Toronto. Madden, an employee and Gloria were back the next morning and followed Hugh to Oakville. Philip was in the car. They lost him.

Gloria figured she could do it well herself, so she would show her long hair under a hat, put on dark glasses, cross down the highway in a new car (though so black wouldn't spot her) and look around the relatives' homes sniffing for clues. When the last of money she took temporary jobs (reporting). It was depressing and it was driving her crazy. "The whole time I'd thinking, when I'll be shown, do I have to jump on top of him to get Philip back?" The police told her they wouldn't have anything to do with having Philip turned over to me. That made me wonder why I had to get the order."

She had weeks of frustration for four different regions in Ontario, supposedly the best (but long in Ontario). "What a joke," she sneers. "I went to the sheriff and he said 'There was no provision to hold your husband in jail.' And there was nothing as then. I was like, 'What the hell? Why do you go to court for each way. I think the lawyer's bill

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kind to pressure the federal government into amending the Criminal Code on child abduction. Last year her son Conservative Benno Ferrero brought a private member's bill before the House of Commons to make parental kidnapping a criminal offence punishable by life imprisonment. The substance of the bill was dropped off to the health and welfare committee then March 1978 still sitting there.

"It's fine to read the law books but when you see a woman and what's involved in a few dollars of money. Parents: 'I've have to find the kid before you can see"

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was about \$6,000.

She changed Mexico in January, 1976. He was too costly (she says she paid him \$2,500, he says he only requested \$2,035 out of Legal Aid) and he couldn't find Hugh. Shortly after that one of Maiken's former employees, a man named Michael Henney, called her. He said that for a \$500 ransom, he could solve the case. She gave it to him. He then told her that he'd spotted Hugh in Beersveen, Ontario, about 60 miles from Toronto, but that Phillip wasn't with him. "And then I really got worried, because he said, 'You know, your husband's really strange, he walks around in dark glasses and he acts really freely.' Being a mother, I got really upset, you know? Where's Phillip, has he told her, who knows, right?"

But she was learning to be shrewd. She demanded pictures of Hugh in Beersveen. Henney said they were in the lab. She demanded to go to Beersveen with him a week later. No, he said, she'd spoil her hard work, any minute now Hugh would land him. Phillip, he'd take her the next weekend. Friday night came and he didn't call. Saturday morning he called him. His phone had been disconnected. "He'd moved out of his house in the middle of the night and that was the end of Michael Henney."

Gloria throws back her head and laughs. She's just remembered the next fiasco. In April of 1976 she was out playing sleuth again with her boyfriend. They drove to Burlington, just west of Toronto, to scoop around an apartment belonging to Hugh's water-skiing. It was a large building at the bottom of a dead-end street. As she approached it, Gloria saw the orange Volkswagens leaving the building, coming

toward her. Hugh and Phillip were in the car. She slammed on her brakes. Hugh spotted her on the way by and squealed onto a U-turn, heading back toward the building. At the same time, Gloria moved forward off his escape and the opening of the block. "He had this big, shaped gun on his face and he took off again." The front fender caught her rear fender. Gloria tried to keep up with him by throwing her car into reverse, but she was too late. He poured on the gas, ripped the fender off her car, and roared down the road to the apartment building. Gloria thought he would drive around it and come back on the street so she sat there and waited. But he didn't reappear. Gloria says he drove behind the building, went straight through a wire mesh fence, across an open field, down a gully, then up onto a baseball field. He grabbed Phillip and ran with him on foot.

The Milton Regional Police came to the scene. "And you know what my big mistake was?" she laughs. "I said that an accident with my husband. If I'd said I had an accident with a Volkswagen, they would have chased him and arrested him, because they saw him running away." She harassed the police until they had a failure to remain charge. Hugh's car was impounded. The police told her that only Hugh could claim it and they'd hold her for her when he came for it.

She took pleasure in driving out to the police pound to gloat over the Volkswagens, but for her trip. One weekend when she went to check, the car was gone. Hugh had transferred ownership to his mother and she had collected it. She still denied knowing where Hugh was. "That was the biggest dead end," sighs Gloria.

**Please don't fuss with the next two pages. Because Qantas wants you to visit Australia—and fuss with me.**



# 100 things to see and do in Australia (contd.)



If you saw our previous ad, you'll recall we had room for only 30 items. So

**31.** Join a crowd over one

hundred thousand strong at the Melbourne Cricket Ground. A friendly Aussie will translate terms like silly mid-on, goosy, leg glance, stumped, outswinger, gully, and sticky wicket.

**32.**

Yield to temptation. Eat a passion fruit.

**33.** Attend

Adelaide's Festival of Arts in March '78. Opera, music, art, dance, and literature. The names read like an international Who's Who



**37.**

If you're a big beer man we recommend the Darwin Stubbies. The bottle holds

more than 76 ounces of amber brew.

**38.** Fly to summer

winter. Or vice-versa. Because the seasons are upside-down Down Under.

**34.**

Dine on brewed Tasmanian lobster. Better split an order. They weigh in at up to 4 pounds apiece.

**35.**

Shoot crocodiles and wild buffalo in the Northern Territory. With a camera, please.

**36.**

Take a train through a spectacular tropical rain forest. Board the Carnarvon-Guminda narrow gauge railway for a bobbydazzler of a ride.



**39.**

Foxtick for fiery black opals at Lightning Ridge near Walgait.

**40.** Or buy

opals from a miner. Look up Willie the Fly, German Harry, Castro or one of their mates.

**41.** Sunday best teeth. The uppers are solid opal. They're on display at the Diggers' Rest Hotel.

**42.** Pack a picnic for a day at the races. At the Bong Bong bush track, top hats, morning suits, continental dresses and champagne are mandatory.

**43.** Order an Aussie favorite for breakfast: a juicy sirloin steak topped with a fried egg.

**44.**

Aborigine legend has it



there were three sisters named Meeni, Wimbah and Guroodoo who were turned into stone for their misdeeds. You can visit the Three Sisters at Kooroo in the Blue Mountains.



**46.** Meet at the handsome Marble Bar, for more than 75 years a stand-up, two-faced drinking establishment for men only. Then they tore down the old joint, carefully preserved the bar and built a towering hotel around it. And ladies, you're welcome.



**45.** Take a

peck at a platypus. That's a duck-billed, beaver-tailed, web-footed, furry creature that builds a nest at the end of

a tunnel, lays eggs, suckles its young and looks like it was designed by some drunken committee.

**47.** Stomp a

grape. Come to the Barossa Valley Wine Festival at vintage time.

Step lively, the best grape-treader wins a prize.

**48.** Take a picture of

an Aborigine taking a picture of you.

**49.** And in the

center of our big cities you can watch ladies lawn bowling in prim and proper white. The competition is fierce.



**50.** This is for the birds. Emus, lorikeets, willy wagtails, galahs. More than 600 birds you'll never

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"After that there was absolutely no issue of him all this February."

By June of that year, Gloria's sister Henrietta, who'd been working full time to help Gloria financially, was getting sick. Her headaches that she had to quit her job. She went home to Len's apartment. Gloria is still there. Gloria grew so desperate she once took her mother-in-law's garbage bags, scrambling through the trash looking for letters with pointers to phone calls, anything. She got nowhere.

Henrietta came back to Toronto in December, determined to give it one last shot. This time she was going to use publicity. Gloria on talk shows, plaster posters of Hugh and Philip everywhere. She and Gloria had heard about Len Prosser's organization and got permission to start a Toronto chapter. Henrietta phoned newspapers, TV stations, radio stations and ended off a long speech. She said she represented Parents of Kidnapped Children, that her sister had been searching for her son for more than a year with no help from the police, that her group supported Benno Fresner's bill to make child-snatching punishable by life imprisonment.

Henrietta also found out that Hugh was receiving a family allowance check for Philip. Gloria showed off to see an official from the Department of Health and Welfare, begged for Hugh's address and faxed her wife and custody orders. "They wouldn't even look at them," she says bitterly.

In February, Gloria was invited to appear with Fresner on a Toronto television talk show, the *City Show* hosted by Monica Shalman. She decided to try for a warrant again so she could explain that end of the problem to Blumenthal. She talked to a Justice of the Peace, who said no. She talked to a Crown Prosecutor ("a bachelor, what did he know?") who said no. Then she went to see Stephen Leggett, deputy Crown attorney for York County. He said a warrant for abduction was impossible but he thought a warrant for harboring was reasonable. He authorized it.

Then a social worker called after reading a story about Gloria in *The Toronto Star*. She told her that a year before a man had come to her office in the welfare department and had given her name as Black McPherson. There was a small boy with him who said his name was Philip MacLachlan.

Gloria went to the police with her warrant and her husband's alias. She also dashed to Paul Sears with the new information. And nothing happened. "Two months they had to find him," she says, "and they couldn't."

When Brian Terry, a private investigator, called in April and asked to address her group on the merits of private agencies, she told him she was up to here with the whole thing. As a display of good faith, Terry asked for the details of her case and promised to help her without a fee. Gloria told him everything. The next day, he

called her back and said the magic words: "I know where your husband is. He's in Kingston."

The Toronto police called the Kingston police. They also phoned the printing shop where Terry said Hugh was working. Five minutes after they called, Hugh was out the door saying he had to take her son to the dentist.

Gloria and Henrietta arrived in Kingston that evening. There was no sign of Hugh at his apartment. The police told them to keep out of it, that they would find him, but she and Henrietta hung around all weekend, peering in apartment windows, sticking in doorways, waiting for

him to show. He didn't. He needed money, April 4, he didn't go to work. They got back in their car and drove home.

At ten o'clock on the evening, the Kingston police called. They had arrested Hugh at his apartment. He and his mother had been looking at his things into a U-fall all night. The detective in charge had taken Philip home; would they please come and get him?

All the way back to Kingston, Gloria worried about Philip's reaction. Would he scream and cry? Would he demand to see his father? She wanted for him to wake up in the morning, then wait in to see him, their first meeting in more than two years.

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"He looked so different," she sighs. "I was so big and I said, 'Hi Phillip, do you remember me?' And he said no. I said 'Well, I'm your mother.' If he'd look me up on the street, he'd have walked right by."

High watched as just for three days. They returned on \$2,000 bail. In the first week of June, Gloria was told he had bought a 30-30 rifle in Kingston shortly after the police contacted his employer. She says he is not a hunter. The same week, she received a phone call from Pearl Stone. Stone said High had offered her \$2,000 for Gloria's address. Stone advised her to pack up Phillip and get him out of town. "He's gonna watch that boy again, honey, and this time you'll never hear him."

Gloria slumps down in the backseat and starts to cry. She complains that she has to watch Phillip all the time, that she can't let him out of the yard, that she's worried about how that will affect him. But something about the description of life with her son doesn't ring quite true: it's as if he's a feisty child, a warrior. She makes stories about a holy-sister and goes home.

A week later she sits on a bench in the public room of Provincial Courtroom 22. Her eyes are dark sockets. Two pink-fused, blind-banded men flank her. They look as if they're going for a random family portrait but the man on her right is a court artist and the man on her left is her ex-husband High. They wait as a judge-faced

man is provided through a 23-minute trial. He tried to drive up a highway with a hunting knife. He drove a suspended sentence. A police detective in a house, clucking war-torn up to Gloria and whips in her car. As he turns to leave, she wads her boyfriend in the ribs. "Did you hear that?" she hisses. "He said he had more important cases this morning and he might not get back in time. Do you believe it? Some two-by-four robbery is more important than this?"

As time later, High is called before the judge. It is revealed that he has admitted himself to the psychiatric ward of an Oakville hospital. (His mother explained when word that he'd "touched the point where there was nothing left to live for.") Even though he can come and go as he pleases, the judge wants a letter from his psychiatrist that he is well enough to stand trial. The case is rescheduled for a week, the second time that's happened. It's one more stumbling block on the road out of nightmare. Gloria keeps home the courtroom.

A few days later Luk to meet Phillip. "He's not here right now." There's a little snip to her nose. "Where is he?"

"Away."

"Away where?"

"Just for away. I only had him for two months and he's been gone ever since. I just can't take it anymore. I'm going to have to go and get him. The trying to do

what's best for Phillip but it's tearing me apart."

The 10 is in a rooming house. The Edge of Night Gloria Markovitch, head of the Toronto chapter of Parents of Kidnapped Children, has turned child-minder herself.

Gloria has hidden Phillip in a small town in the American West, where the sun burns down and blots the clear air (as it does his hot soil). It is July, the height of the tourist season. Growing families in mobile homes roll down the freeways, leaving for memorabilia of the Old West. Gloria is looking for the right house. She has studied Phillip with her sister Hester, who at 27 looks more like a cheerleader for a Montana high school than the severely guarded an dedicated child. There is a small nest door to Hester's rooming trailer. For Phillip, a six-golden, six-year-old with quaking eyes, it's the living nest door to heaven. For Gloria, the same sight.

This should have been a sweet tension but Phillip seems confused like twins Hester is his mother. Gloria is an aunt and he can't keep their names straight. "It's Mommy, Phillip, not Hester," she tells Gloria, again and again. She has to establish herself as Phillip's mother now, or the two-year search will have been for nothing. She is looking to be back in Toronto for the court case, but she thinks Toronto is dangerous for Phillip. She can't leave him

# We got a good deal for Canada

It started with the first bang of the hammer in a London, England, auction room. Canada found itself bidding against the world to get back an important part of its cultural heritage—the Hooper collection of Canadian Indian art.

Doing the bidding for Canada were

requested and received a special grant from National Museums Canada to ensure success against buyers from other countries who were determined to have the collection.

National Museums Canada, through its emergency purchase fund, acts on its own, or helps Associate Museums take action to repatriate or prevent the export of objects that form part of the Canadian cultural heritage. Three other such purchases include the

and the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

In Ottawa the work of National Museums Canada can be seen through the activities of: National Gallery of Canada, National Museum of Man, National Museum of Natural Sciences, National Museum of Science and Technology.

representatives of Canada's National Museum of Man. Of one hundred and twenty-two Canadian pieces we were the successful bidders for ninety-five. The B.C. Provincial Museum also got six. The best part of the collection is now back in Canada.

Where did the money come from? The National Museum of Man in Ottawa

now on national tour, the Rindischbacher Paintings and a collection of Prints and Drawings which can now be seen, respectively, in the Winnipeg Art Gallery

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here, she can't take him home. She was down around in a five-minute car-accident taking the same question. "What do I do?"

She's used to run. "I don't like the idea of living like Hugh did like a fugitive. If Philip came home late from school, I'd be thinking Hugh got a letter and he's found us and gone." She waits for Philip over and over in her mood, passing it to the angels, returning the role, but in all sorts to the same thing. No matter where she goes she'll always be afraid that Hugh will find her. "When I'd only like to do a live a normal life and I can't wait," she says. "I just to say this, I have been terrible at it, but sometimes I wish Hugh had done himself."

What kind of people turn their children into fugitives? "Psychologically immature people," says Dr. Al Soler, director of Yale University's Child Study Center. "Mental deficiencies and runs," says Eugene Avolio, vigilante and comedy writer. "Fathers who feel they can't get justice in the courts," says Dick Scarbrough, representative of the Society of Bag's Fathers. "People who want to make real what the divorce has only put on paper," says Toronto family lawyer Douglas Shapiro.

Alan, a 37-year-old engineer, says he did not protect his children. He was living in the half-finished basement of his suburban



Marshall home, surrounded by piles of his children's laundry, and he's holding his head in his hands. He has a powerful headache from screaming at graphic detail how he watched his three kids from under his wife's nose last summer.

Herod Brenda was married in England in 1963 and emigrated to Canada in 1966. They had three beautiful children, a boy and two girls. The last few years of their relationship were rocky. When Alan met another woman in the spring of 1975, he didn't clear the marriage was over. He offered her half of their assets and half of his net income in alimony and child support. He wanted her to have custody but he thought they should live in the same neighborhood.

wherever they wanted. He was worried that they might feel he'd deserted them. Brenda wanted two things. She wanted Alan to cut off her life the way you expect a war, and she wanted to build a new world for her children. When she applied for divorce on the grounds of adultery and mental cruelty in September 1975, Alan felt that he'd declared war. Her girl in court custody. Alan was miserable about his visiting rights. Instead of flexibility, he got every Saturday and every alternate weekend with the kids. He played with Brenda to give him two nights during the week, the weekend's hour of it. He took matters into his own hands.

He placed the children daily, he picked them up at school and took them out for lunch, he joined his son's Beavers group. He thought he was being reasonable. Brenda thought he was "Brenson," her and "darning the children's lives." She began to hold them back on Saturdays making in-home exercises. She threatened to pull her son out of the Beavers group. She ordered the school to stop letting Alan take the children for lunch. She took the phone off the book as soon as a baby came home from school and then got on isolated number.

Christmas time Brenda wanted to take the kids to England but Alan objected. When Alan was visiting right? She told him to accompany them in England. When he

found he would be there for a few days on a business trip, he agreed to let them go. Brenda had looked forward to the trip as a break from an unbearable situation. When Alan told her he was going, she was shocked. "What was I going to do, whatever I did, there he was?" After he returned to Canada, she extended her vacation from three weeks to five and sent him a curt telegram saying one of the kids was sick, she'd be home in a few weeks. It was Alan's turn to be furious.

And suspicious. "I know, I just knew she was going to leave, cut me off from the children. It was during the week." Mutual Brenda confirmed his fears. They told him that Brenda, now back in Montreal, was making plans to return to school in England. He asked her about it and she didn't say it. He became frantic. He tried to get his children around on his passport but Brenda delayed giving him the necessary letter. Alan staged a sit-in at his kitchen and had to be forced out by four burly policemen. Brenda's lawyer wrote him a letter ordering him to stop his "harassing tactics" or risk not seeing the children at all.

"She had it all," says Alan. "Having my weekend rights interfered with and knowing it was going to take off. She was going to take off with them." He asked lawyers what he could do to stop her. The answer: there were no legal means. If she went to England with the kids and he stopped paying child support, she could even guarantee his wages. "So, being a man of action," Alan says, "I made a decision."

That was the perfect time for the Great Escape. Brenda had already agreed that he could take the children to Florida for a week. "If it was going to be me, parent or the other, it was going to be me." He rented two houses and stored all his furniture. He knew he was throwing his career in the garbage but he didn't care anymore. He discarded his passport, fired, jumped across the border and bought a white wagon and camper under with U.S. plates. That left him with \$1,000 in cash. He didn't want to tell his children or a bank account (they can be traced) so he printed all his money in his children. He picked up the children on the day the holiday was to begin. He told them they had more time than planned. The kids, he says, were delighted.

In her apartment in downtown Montreal, Brenda picked up the money. When Alan didn't return at the end of the week, she panicked. Then along came a telegram saying one of the children was sick, a train delayed. It was indeed "exactly the same way as the one I'd sent Alan from England. I knew he wasn't coming back." She went to the police, who told her to get help. At the end of the next week, a letter arrived from Alan, saying he wasn't coming back because of the unbearable situation between them. The police post-holed the letter. Finally a telegram in the local station told her to get herself a new boyfriend and forget it.

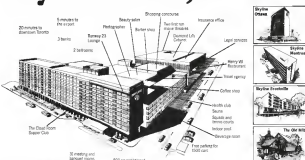


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Brenda is a divorced woman. She went to her son, the chief of the Montreal police, and Mayor Jean Drapeau. She threatened to report the sergeant's son to the press. It took her a month to do it, but by screaming at the right places she got an absolute warrant issued for Alton. It took her another month of nagging to get the police to search his girl friend Gwen's family's home. They were checking the mail at her parents' house in Pembroke, Ontario, when Drapeau phoned to say hello. The police got on the line and warned her that there was a warrant out for Alton and they'd better drive carefully, whenever they were.

Alton began thinking seriously about

what he was going to do—build a new life in the United States or take the children home and face a possible prison term. He called his lawyer in Montreal (from a pay phone 40 miles from where he was staying, so that the cell couldn't be traced) and his lawyer told him Brenda would make a deal. Alton prepared a list of demands including the dropping of charges. Brenda agreed to almost all of them, knowing she could manage as everything as seen to the child's back.

In mid-August, four months after he'd left, he brought the kids home. Brenda threw the agreement in the wastebasket and did not drop the charges. Instead, she

new agreement with an indicted number and had out with the children. While the lawyers argued back and forth, Alton hung on to a new job by his fingernails. A mob exploded on his hands and arms. He had just traded Brenda down when the lawyers came in a new agreement, four months after he brought the children back.

Like two railroad lengths, exhausted from the stuporous effort of hauling each other with breadboards, they sit now in their separate camps. An armed force. The children wait. Alton every other weekend and one month in the summer. Brenda is convinced they were harmed by the experience. Alton disagrees. "They never asked for her until the whole time we were away," he crows. Brenda says they rarely talked for Alton during the four months she had them from him in Montreal.

He would like to get custody of the children, but he quotes the statistics. Literally. Seventy percent of women fighting for custody get it. Only 30% of men applying receive it. Alton thinks that makes up the odds of custody. "Nobody gives me percent complete control. She is a male kid legally anytime and she's not guilty of kidnapping, but she made the kids in the name—they lost out of their parents. I think that kidnapping of children by parents should be illegal but it should also be an offense to go against a court order on visiting rights. I took them because she was going to."

The indictment warrant has been issued in the police files. Alton has been told it will not be acted on.

Over the past five years it has become clear to the courts and to legislators that current law can't cope with child snatching. Last January, California passed two amendments to its penal code. Section 278 makes child abduction after a custody order a felony punishable by a prison term of up to four years. Section 278.5 makes child-snatching prior to a custody order a felony punishable by a year in county jail or a fine. The police in Los Angeles County (population over seven million) now pursue abducting parents as intensely as they go after sex thieves. Parents who slip to new jurisdictions are being monitored. Robert Abrams, deputy district attorney for the county, has no statistics on prosecutions yet, but he says his office has been inundated with requests for assistance.

Few people in Canada want child snatching sent to Millhaven. Even Bonnie Fraser, the son who last year wanted them sentenced to life imprisonment, has now changed his tune. He wants the criminal courts to support the civil courts. He's not sure how that can be done, but he thinks we have to find a way. "What's wrong is the word and saying 'what about us this'."

Some snatching has been taken. Since 1993, seven provinces (all but Ontario, Quebec and Saskatchewan) have enacted model legislation called the Extra-Provincial Custody Order Enforcement Act. It



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effort to get on stage and open up with that voice. The voice is part Brenda Lee, part Ethel Merman, all husky power, erupting suddenly out of the real vinyl mouth of this little blond girl who looks like a no-doubt-faster going really thingy. The voice hangs in the audience, and you can see the tears positively dripping from it, full of the anguish that is a necessary part of any fantastic country performer's biography.

And the lyrics. You realize after a few moments they are not the stuff of loveless teen and old faithful dogs. Carroll Baker is up there in front of these straight, middle-aged bachelors singing about sex. Pretty blatantly, too.

Well, I don't know what I'm saying.  
At you comin' fingers touchin' bodies  
places,  
Well I only know I've waited for so long  
for this chance that we are making.  
Well, I don't know and I don't know what  
made you tell her you don't love her any-  
more.  
And as you enter my tender heart  
Can you tell the secret here for  
help?

No one in the audience moves, not an inch sideways, not an eye blink. As anyone here is shocked by a song accounting the night's lady's virginity is lost, they are polite enough not to show it. Still, Ronnie Prophet has his way and Baker ends her show that. Sunday's backstage he can perhaps take solace in the fact that for the second show of the night, she has been able to draw only half the audience on its feet.

Nobody is sure exactly how big the Canadian country music market is, perhaps because no one can see anywhere where country music ends and pop begins. Walt Grealis, editor and publisher of the music weekly *rpm*, says up to 40% of the Canadian radio audience is tuned to country music stations these days. According to industry sources, just that country music accounts for about 15% of record sales in Canada that Grealis guesses "That's weird thinking," he says. "I doubt if it's anything higher than 1%."

Country enthusiasts like to point out the similarities between the Atlantic provinces and the American south where country music is at its heart today. It was born, both regions attracted French, Scottish and Irish settlers, willing self-sufficiency, people isolated from the rest of the world who developed their own musical styles and a talent for entertaining themselves with their own problems and frustrations.

That's not, except that the Atlantic provinces were not cut off from outside culture. Straggling against the sea, the Maritime region is bombarded by American stations, especially at night. Although Canadian country music has in the past developed something of its own style—most notably in the little playing of King Gunter and Don Messer, that has been lost in the years since World War II in the rush



**Beyond the Big Time, the Biggest Time?**

to imitate American singers broadcast straight into Canadian living rooms on its own *Grand Ole Opry*, and all-night disc jockey *Doc Williams* on *WVA* in Wheeling, West Virginia. Hank Snow grew up in Nova Scotia listening to American radio, the first American singer to take country music out of its rural environment and set it on the road toward the multimillion-dollar industry it has since become. Snow was so influenced by Rodgers that he quickly headed south where he had no trouble assimilating himself into the American country music continuum, and becoming something of a legend in his own time.

Canadian performers believe they can become big stars by trying their darlings to sound as if they were born within spitting distance of the Mason-Dixon line. Tommy Hunter, certainly the most popular country singer on television, grew up in London, Ontario—yet affects a drawl he rarely developed listening to the recordings of his boyhood idol, Ray Allen.

Carroll Baker has tried hard to escape the reputation that plagues Canadian country music mostly by making her performances more dramatic and heartfelt than anyone else's. And also by working songs in that are softer than those of any other country performer. Manager Don Gausby claims this sort of thing devel-

oped almost by accident. Carroll had recorded *The New Wave This Day Before*, and it had been tremendously successful for her, despite protests from its writer, Conway Twitty, that the song had nothing to do with sex. "Well, hell he's got 'ingenious' forbidden places," Gausby says. "What's he do, 'kiss' her on the butt?" Naturally, we wanted something to follow it up. We didn't see anything wrong with it, just more up-to-date country lyrics. But really, Carroll is not that type at all."

Just the opposite, in fact. She is a homesick woman who does not like to leave her sophisticated atmosphere in Burlington, between Montreal and Toronto. She loves her husband and her four-year-old daughter, Candice, comments large quantities of Chinese food, hardly ever toasts a drink, and still gets angry when she speaks of her father who died nine years ago of a heart attack, without ever hearing her sing professionally—the only real disappointment she has ever experienced. She believes in fidelity. "There are so many left today, and I think people would be a whole lot happier if they did have some morals!"—and although her songs sometimes make fans think she is worldly wise, she is not.

She was the youngest girl of six children and she grew up in Port Maitland, Nova Scotia, a tiny fishing village 25 miles outside Bridgewater, deeply loved and tenderly spoiled by her parents. Her father, Gordon

Baker, played the fiddle at Sunday night dances and was widely regarded as a member of jobs.

A teenager in the 1960s, Baker was a fanatic about pop music, listening to the Beatles and the Rolling Stones and Berry McGuinn singing *Go On Down*. She did not like country music. While everyone else in her family tuned in *Grand Ole Opry*, the lie in the darkness of her room, she passed against the radio trying to pick Marry the K's voice out from the static. Marry the K was the most popular disc jockey at WOL in New York, and he was labeled "the 6th Beatle" because he acted as master of ceremonies at their North American concerts. Her father would catch her listening to Marry the K, sigh, and say, "When you grow up, dear, when you'll like country. You grow out of rock and roll and into country music. And country music always stays with you."

Carroll did not quite quite adulthood before the proved him right. By that time she finally had moved up to Ontario so Gordon Baker could take a job at an Oakville yacht club. Carroll had quit school and at age 19 married John Beattie, a young man from New Brunswick whose met when he dated her best friend. The couple was honeymooning in *Provincetown* when Carroll heard singing on the radio called *Alma Persepolis*. It was country music, but she loved it, began listening to more, loving everything she heard. John

liked her voice, and even though the had once been rejected as a vocalist in her high school glee club, he thought perhaps she could sing professionally. Not that he knew much about singing, being something of a jack, too person to deal with, as it is a sign to write into a melody. One night at an Oakville bar, John persuaded Carroll to sing with the band. The group liked her and loved her to perform three times a week for 120 a night. She lasted three weeks. "Then they fired me because they didn't think I was impressive or leaving me natural." She could not have said that, since her real name is not so long above the hooded dance bar, but to be a housewife. So no one was more surprised than the others, after the performed casually at a country music conference north of Toronto, a song writer named George Petruska introduced himself and whisked her off to Thunder Bay and into the arms of a veteran music promoter named Don Gausby.

Gausby's life had been one long dream song, choked with stress, disease, unfilled promises and broken dreams. In 1955, when he was only 23, he discovered a 14-year-old named Myrna Lorrie and named her with a singer, Buddy DeWalt, in mind. A song would drive her. Myrna was expected to climb in the number two position on the country charts. Gausby thought he had it made until—he dreams—Lorrie's family started to interfere and

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everything fell apart. He got into a partnership with a Vancouver record producer named Chuck Williams, and together they found a girl who they thought sounded like Kitty Wells, and recorded her singing a song called *I've A Rocky Tink Gait*. The girl was Loretta Lynn, a Kentucky coal miner's daughter who went on to much bigger things—but without Cashway or Chuck Williams. At the last minute their financial backers got cold feet about taking Loretta to the States, leaving her to have up someone else with the necessary bank roll. Needless to say, she didn't have to look for long.

Cashway was pretty disappointed by the time riding around Thunder Bay thinking things like "the break I've had are enough to break your back," when Carroll Baker walked in. "She was new, eh? She needed work, some development—it hadn't built up power and there were a few problems with phrasing. But I thought I could do something with her."

Reflexively—she was still bent on a career as a housewife—she recorded a song for Cashway's label called *Mother Of Mine*, which eventually struggled to number 14 on the charts. It was a good start, considering that Baker had never before, one of dozens, and Gaury was a minor label, one of scores in country music, and therefore experienced great difficulty getting decent distribution or radio play.

After that she began playing what she calls "the circuit"—bars where the best come in to get drunk and play rough and only by the by listen to music. She did all right though, and soon realized that she was enjoying being immensely. Yet she was worried about her salary. "I didn't think I had any talent," she says. "I didn't know why people bought my records came to see me. I thought the only reason

radio stations played my songs was because I helped them fill the 30% Canadian content requirement."

Then in 1975 she recorded *I've Never Been This Far Before* which was written by an American, Cowboy Tenny, and cut in Nashville, which meant it didn't qualify as Canadian content. So all the radio stations did not like the song, they would not play it. They loved the song, and so did the country music fans who bought *I've Never Been This Far Before* in such numbers that it became Carroll's first number one record. In quick succession there followed a show-stopping performance at the *Academy Awards*, which finally led to a contract with a big record company, RCA, and a one-million-dollar record deal, although it was produced on a shoestring budget of \$10,000 and aired during the summer when supposedly no one is watching, attracted nearly two million viewers.

"Now I don't have any doubts about my talent," she says. "I don't want to sound as if I'm bragging, but if it's in the cards for me to become a superstar, then it will happen. I'm a performer, I want to try out new things." Translating she is now setting her sights on the American country music market, and that has some of her supporters concerned. "It's so difficult to become an American star that I'm afraid she won't do it," a friend says. "The Americans have Dolly, Tammy and Loretta, they don't need Carroll."

Already there are problems. RCA in Nashville is not enthusiastic about some of the songs she has recorded for a new album released in August, and has decided to go with two hard country numbers for a single that will play on the country radio stations. Does Carroll does not think Carroll should be pigeonholed as a hard country performer, in the same way as Kitty Wells, but

rather as an upgrown country star, a hide mere cosmopolitan to appeal to a wider cross-section. But he is afraid of being nibbled at yet another shot at the big time and against his better reason is going along with RCA.

As for Carroll Baker, her thoughts at this moment are a long way from Nashville. She sits in her living room on a shagreened green couch that clashes loudly with the burnt orange carpet, surrounded by lamps with pearl-shaped shades and irate glass baubles dangling from them. A portrait of Christ walking on water, done on black velvet, dominates a far wall. *AFM*, the weekly bible of Canadian media, has almost always bad news. Her latest single, *It's Love And I Don't Know*, after several weeks remains and clings to the number one spot on the country chart. "I almost don't want to say that," she says. "I don't know what I'll do if it doesn't make number one. You know, after having on of them at a new... I've been told off as her doggie Candy, one of those *Love Is* cartoons come to life, enter the room making loud noises about going to bed. "She's got a temper just like mine," Carroll says. She leans to the left of the "Pussycat, you'll better see me crying when your daddy comes home. You know what I'll do?" Then the doorman turns in to connect she had performed the afternoon before in Thunder Bay. She is smiling now, the new program of her single memorably forgotten. "I had such a good time up there," she says at this point. "It was only supposed to be two 45-minute shows, but the audience was so much fun I did an hour." A visitor remembering Bonnie Prophet asks "Didn't anyone try to cut your show?" She makes a face. "Are you kidding? Of course not." And, as she usually does, Carroll had received a standing ovation. ☺



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# The Honorable Member

Gerald Baldwin would like to be remembered

By Judith Timson

Gerald Baldwin is not exactly a household word—and by now he knows he never will be. He would have made a superb Minister of Justice—but by now he knows he never will be. Still, he cannot see, his passions concealed by a cloak of civility, his convictions peering out around the edges. The Progressive Conservative member for Peace River, Alberta, has talked for nearly 20 years in the House of Commons and lately he has taken to composing his own epitaph. The only thing in his bright charge-sheet. Back in 1973, during an interview in which he was asked whether he would run for the leadership of the Tories, Baldwin modestly replied: "No, no, no. I've reached the age in my life when I want an epitaph to be I was a good Member of Parliament and in the opposition." In 1976, a year older at 68, he gave himself a little more credit: "I have a certain ego, I guess. I'd like this to be my epitaph: That I helped bring about an end to all this [government]

corruption." That same year, he decided to bid with epigrams for ego. "I don't suppose I'll be in the next parliament but this is the sort of legacy I want to leave—a major weapon in the arsenal of democracy." Now at 71 and still in it, it is hardly too indicative that Gerald Baldwin, at the age of 70, is finished.

There will be more epitaphs, new and improved, from the grandson of one Peace River Tory. There will be another election campaign, his ninth. There will be more speeches given, more papers written, more letters answered in support of his overriding passion, a freedom of information law in Canada that would allow interested citizens to wrestle away from a perverse and well-kept gag of bureaucrats and politicians running a ludicrously secretive government. Facts and figures, statistics and studies that are rightfully theirs. For Gerald Baldwin, time may be running out. And who cannot forgive him, for crying, at

the prospect of age, "how bright that final death might have seemed in a green bay." Who cannot allow him the luxury of a few self-penned epigrams? After all, it will be one of the few indulgences granted in a public career that has earned Baldwin respect on all sides of the House in an age where a great many members of our assembly believe only five-year-olds be more than politicians. Only Baldwin is regarded as an honest man.

But where did it ever get him? Not yet 20 to shake him across the country, no flu shots to keep the doors into the pay telephones for him, no automatic recognition wherever his goes—except of course in northern Alberta's Peace River country, where people call him Doc, consider him there, and sagaciously contemplate what sort of giant they'll have to unearth to fill his shoes when he has had enough. It is only back in Ottawa, in that breathless arena where success is largely measured in terms

of power won and power wielded, that the Doc Baldwin of this world, having spent two decades of their political lives in opposition, sometimes become too resistant.

"Oh no!" exclaim his friend and adviser Gordon Fawcett, the portly Tory from Fanny-Road, who is himself forthcoming in his one of the best backstories in the capital. "Why, there are too few good things about this place, and Gerald Baldwin is one of them. He deserves to be remembered."

It is important to note that Doc Baldwin went into the army a private and came out—a private. "The only car [Kia's] I could do to do," he chuckles, far be it was also a crackpot criminal lawyer, still referred in the weekly blue bills of honorific courtesy for the way he was able to wring four light-bulb judges and juries, acquittal for the little people—farmers accused of murdering three wives and six sons confined about the white man's law.

Would it help, when groping for answers, to learn that in the first opposition chairman of the Public Accounts Committee, Doc Baldwin conducted himself in such a fashion that then Prime Minister Lester Pearson asked him to become a Judge in the Northwest Territories? He turned him down, preferring to stay in the fray. He also shook his head several years later when a messenger of the Trudeau government unofficially inquired whether he had an inclination to sit in the Senate.

Do we need to record that Doc Baldwin once tried to replace John Turner, Edgar Benson and Oly Long for conserving something sacred known as the Temporary When Recoveries Act of 1956? That on another occasion he turned down a parliamentary fact-finding trip to New Zealand (his workplace had a land he would dearly love to visit) because, although the cabinet minister in charge (Jean Charest) was bringing along his wife, there was no provision for Gerald Baldwin to accompany her husband? "I was just shocked," says Baldwin. "I said to hell with them."

On the other hand, Baldwin, with great regularity and some degree of wit, makes delightfully outrageous, highly pertinent statements, which coming from other beings would look suspiciously like cheap shots. When he heard, for example, that his former colleague and fellow Alberta Jack Horner had drawn quite a crowd recently in Camrose, Alberta, appearing in his restaurant as a Liberal cabinet minister, the Prime Minister at his side, Baldwin said, of course there would be crowds. "Having Trudeau there is like bringing Lister into town." He then went on to wonder innocently whether "Jack puts his boots up on Fern's coffee table." There might be just a touch of bitterness there. After all, Horner, like Baldwin, was a Tory who must have realized, the way things were going, he was not going to be a cabinet minister when he grew up unless he did

something drastic about it. Whenever he thinks of Jack Horner, Baldwin likes to quote the Lloyd George line about many having crossed the floor of the House "but none have left to stay a trait." An actual, historical laugh, not thinking the loss of Baldwin for his later life. He can get away with it. "Now that's not easy to explain but it's a fact," insists Robert Stord, who, like Baldwin, in 1968, as his House Leader and second-in-command because "there was never any doubt he would be perfectly frank with me. He's a prince and a dear friend." They are remarkably alike in some ways—no political acumen, but lots of decency, dignity and the kind of freedom

on the surface not worth digging for. Together, they were outlasted by the Honourable John George Diefenbaker who was, as Baldwin delicately puts it, "a law unto himself." Since his election in the great Conservative sweep in 1958 (the Tories took 206 seats out of 265), Baldwin had stood up for Dief, his passion not letting him know to a man he thought guilty of wicked excesses. "I recognized the talents of a real lawyer, but I wondered at their application." During his seven years in House Leader, Baldwin was several times ordered by the fraction-winning and leading of his own colleagues. He would work out a strategy in caucus, only



Baldwin: time is short, the road hard

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to have it subjugated by a renegade Tony, often Dufferinensis, who seldom went to caucus and did as he pleased. "I was disappointed in several things," a tall Baldwin will say of the issues reflected by his own colleagues. His friends are more explicit about his feelings. "Of course he must be hated," says Gordon Friesen, leader of the B.C. Liberal Party. "But Baldwin, however, is almost too honest to admit defeat. He would rather tell you there is more to life than the 'narrow, unresolute work' of the House of Commons. Why, upon Peace River country, you would find a man who gives a damn about the cat and thrust of parliamentary debate."

On a sunny day, there is nothing quite like a field of ripened. A blanket of a golden patch, vivid yellow flowers surrounded by a sea of green, it looks up a positively spiritual show. It is indeed a most very valuable. God Baldwin, being very much a man of the West (despite his place of birth and the fact that he has never owned a pair of cowboy boots) can talk for an hour about his dogs and other properties. But on this day, it is not so bright. There is a moody sky hovering over New Year country. That is what they call the land up here, standing from the brown hills of the city of Grande Prairie, 250 miles north of Edmonton, close to the Yukon, land where brave young people come of their own

Baldwin in Ottawa: one last crusade



foolishly romantic hopes, are still coming to harvest. But a country of almost half a million, of a waddy network of rivers and green, green fields, where, says one local, "if the crops are bad, or you lose the Great Canadian Smokey River Race—or you're a frustrated politician, there's always next year." Sixty years ago, at the age of two, Basil Baldwin was transited the last 100 miles into New Year country in a covered wagon. Now, at 62, a very pretty, flustered woman, the filch in the passenger seat is God Baldwin, a man in a tiny rented car up the now-faded highway toward the town of Peace River. She is not unlike an older Margaret Trudeau—very valuable, frighteningly open, and quite likely to wound herself on the sharp edges of the political process. She speaks with pride of her husband's career, but paradoxically with tiny signs of sadness. "All politicians are on edge trips." She has had a series of illnesses—glioma, water retention problems and a small intestine—what in particular she says "wouldn't have happened if it weren't for politics." Two years ago, feeling down and a bit neglected, she began making wall hangings—paradoxically putting together bits of felt and other more exotic materials to form brush, bold caricatures of leading politicians—a occasion in red background was Trudeau. To her delight, they sold, and sold well, and led her on to several showings, an appearance on the Jubilee Show in Ottawa

and at long last a life of her own. Still she weaves of that in children, ignoring the guarantees from Ottawa in 78, four have been through unhappy love marriages, mostly because they married young and hastily. Her husband's career, she feels, was hindered on the two youngest sons. "There was a crime and an emotional let-down." One son felt his father was never there. "There have been other mistakes. When the Baldwin was what used to be their home town of Peace River, they stay in a small rather dingy motel, and not on the rambling 500 acres of ranch land they own (parade of cows. Hill Haven used to belong to Mrs. Baldwin's parents, but now it is owned jointly by the Baldwin and other relatives. They were just sitting down to a "nice nice life" (she's) recall Baldwin, when he decided to run for office. Since then, says his wife, "People who knew we weren't there very much ripped us off, they took some of our lovely glass." Then, while the Baldwins were in Ottawa, the house at Hill Haven burned down. After that, they struggled, juggling a home in downtown Peace River and a home in Ottawa, each of which they would rent out, with all the resultant tenant headaches, whenever they would be in residence at the other. This way they thought they could save a little money on what developed into a very expensive way of life. But God Baldwin, while admitting that if he had re-

mained a lawyer and pal of the kind community he would have made more than his \$35,000 a year salary, prefers to look on the bright side. Personal troubles aside, he takes pleasure in the bigger picture—skipping through the country he loves, stopping off for lunch with a loyal constituency in the well-serve lunch cart of a small-town department store, where, standing down across the building section, reaching less than sufficient room beef, he radiates wisdom—and funny stories. Then on to Peace River to take symbolic part in a week-end race on the very river he used to dismount up and down, a coffee here with a guy he used to know, a chicken there, always, always attentive to everyone else's difficulties. "You've got a nice argument?" asks an acquaintance. "If they'll have me," comes the quiet reply. "Well, you're a bigger for politicians?" The admission of God Baldwin's career as a fine, upstanding parliamentarian should be come late June when the government (rebel in the House something already known as the green paper regarding Legislation on Public Access to Government Documents. It was supposed to be a serious response to a growing campaign that Baldwin had not only identified himself with, but as the last few years concentrated most of his political energy on—the public's right to common information the government thinks is none of its business. The classic example of course is the

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Average per cigarette: King Size: 1mg "tar" 0.1mg nicotine

1979 invasion of the War Measures Act. Today, seven years after the troops pulled into Montreal, empowered by an act that, as *Race & Life* says, points out, "has no precedent, precedent is any democratic country." Canadians still do not know the precise nature of the information held by the government that allowed it to announce Quebec was in a "state of apprehended insurrection." "I thought they were lying then," says Gred Baldwin who in 1980, Leader helped organize the Progressive Conservative support of the war, and I still do."

Furthermore, no one knows, and has no legal means of finding out, how many files the "secret" holds on governments or whether there is indeed a file on any of us, although the government has introduced a Human Rights Act designed to give individual citizens access to files on themselves. That act will be common by a Canadian Human Rights Commission which will be chaired by, ironically, Baldwin's close friend, Gordon Fraser. If open government is the house of democracy, could Canada—200 years behind the leaders in allowing citizens access to public documents, a decade behind the United States in enshrining a Freedom of Information law—be considered to have been a failure in the exercise? After all, there has to be something undemocratic, not to mention ridiculous, about a government in which secrecy has become so much a way of life. But, newspaper clipping lying around in the In Out basket on civil servant desks have been known to be marked Confidential if only as one disoriented government observer pointed out. So they'll actually get read. Nobody would have will read anything that isn't marked confidential."

In 1974, Gred Baldwin introduced, for the fourth time, a private member's bill guaranteeing exemption of national security and violation of privacy, private access to all government documents, with this access backed up by the law of a cabinet minister or for covering "national responsibility" as a way to avoid releasing damaging information. He or she could be ultimately landed in front of a judge who would make the final decision. It was agreed such a law should be enacted. In the meantime Baldwin, investing about \$10,000 of his own money, contacted the citizen speaking to lawyers, education and other concerned parties, placing costly advertisements in local newspapers calling for a "return to responsible government" and asking—by way of a donation—for some sort of response from a public that, according to him, from the Liberals, just did not care about its right to know. It was a test of "if you think you're being cheated, slap your hands" campaign. Done in Great Valley, Ontario, an elderly couple named the Chudwicks were among the 4200 or so who answered the call. "We are a retired couple with no income or pension except

from the result of our savings," wrote A. Chudwick. "This cheque represents two days' food for us. But it is worthwhile going hungry a bit if we can help you save off the terrible Orwellian state."

Most Canadian responses lacked the passion of that one, and the government, seeing the mood had turned apathetic made the extremely cynical gesture of presenting, in its gross paper, a list of exemptions to public access to government reports and papers so broad that just a scratch of an ivory information could be locked away under any subject. "It is laughable," says Baldwin without state of a smile. "It's bullsh—," terms Fraserwater "and not even elegantly written." So Baldwin who read a year and half ago after an eye operation to correct cataracts eyelids, had made a decision not to run again, changed his mind. Not being sure any of his younger colleagues would pick up the standard, Baldwin

could not bear to let the whole thing die.

"I can't understand that phase of his life, this running again," worries Fraserwater, who, while not sitting it directly to Baldwin, himself has a horror of becoming as unique as the House of Commons. "I won't be trapped by it," he vows.

What does a 70-year-old politician do at the end of a long and devoted career in public life, with the dreams that did not come true? Does he accept, as Robert Stanfield does, that "anybody is poison is a fool to be bitter?"

He can sit down, as Gred Baldwin has done, and write a novel, which, while it is not likely to win the Governor General's Award, at least over get published; can give him some measure of satisfaction. It is called *The Earth Shall Not Mourn*, and it is about the development of the North, an idealistic young politician (a lawyer) who, he knows was actually misused; that it had never been necessary to surrender his deeply prized freedom and independence which the system of cabinet solidarity demands. The lawyer, however eventually does make it into the cabinet and surprise surprise, along the way, a fraudulent information law from a private member's bill gets passed.

He can also, as Gred Baldwin says he will continue to do, "walk down the road. I want to believe in the things I want to believe in," which means popping up in Winnipeg to merge in two days with delegates at the annual convention of the Canadian Community Newspaper Association, convening there to pass a resolution supporting the Freedom of Information, or listening to the radio about what the dangerous Mr. Trudeau is up to next—trying to settle and control the media.

Ultimately, he can't fail, as Gordon Fraserwater says he does, that the great majority of people out there can separate the words from what is important—"and it's important for this country to have someone like Gred Baldwin with civility and intelligence, if we don't have that, we might as well pick the whole thing up."



Baldwin with fellow Tory MP Rick Norling (left) and the Peace River District Mayor. Last year's country president



# The World

## The sound of jackboots grows louder and louder



Every year on John Tyndall's birthday his mother, with whom he lives, buys him a candy bar and tells them about the house. The 42-year-old chairman of Britain's far-right National Front party then runs around for them. Cautious dictates that he is not allowed to leave the house until he feels them all.

This passion for candy and treasure breaks some of the lesser-known characteristics of Tyndall, a stocky former schoolmaster with shaven head, light blue eyes and a fond complexion, who cultivates a public image of physical fitness and inner military self-discipline. He neither drinks nor smokes and is famous in the party for his five-mile runs. In contrast, he married, to comedian Martin Welton, 34 and also unmarried, weighs a massive 250 pounds.

Tyndall has been prominently in the national eye since his neo-Nazi racist party—National Front—did so, duty-free label, under any pretext of warning to preserve a white British society—clashed bloodily with militant infants and black

unimaginative as the streets of Lewisham, South London, a few weeks ago. A few days later, the party was ahead of the Liberals and captured that place in a parliamentary by-election. In Ladywood, a drizzling suburb of Birmingham heavily populated by black and Asian immigrants.

The National Front, formed 11 years ago by Tyndall out of the remnants of the former National Socialist Party and such ultra-patriotic fringe groups as the League of Empire Loyalists, the Greater Britain Movement and the Racial Preservation Society, claims to be the fringe-progressive political party in Britain, although it never publishes membership figures and is thought to muster fewer than 20,000.

In aggressive quest for publicity through street demonstrations, plus to evade appeal to members of dual-faith Father and Conservative working-class society, present James Callaghan's minority Labour gave in to a warning postcard for the future. Lewisham and Ladywood evoked ugly memories of power fascists

**A leftie who in the South of Ladywood ignores them and they go away? Maybe**

and Conservative sleeping it out in London's East End, and all that House Secretary Marilyn Rees has been able to suggest so far is, "Ignore them and they'll go away."

The Front's advance in the more remarkable when you recall that in the early 1960s the neo-Nazis, then led by Colin Ross and Tyndall in jackboots and Nazi-style uniforms (Tyndall now says he didn't want the swastika as a symbol but at least persuaded Jordan to make it a red, white and blue one) were regarded as a bad joke, their leaders periodically in and out of jail. Jordan's relationship with Tyndall deteriorated when he learned Tyndall's former fiancée, a blond French-British novelist, Pinogone Durr (the marriage collapsed in 1967) and he has since faded from the scene. He never really recovered face after being arrested for shoplifting some years ago—especially since what he



Tyrind Arnold S. Lewis, one-time leader of the Imperial Fascist Party; as jeka

had stolen was a pair of cut knickers. But Tyrind and Webster, by contrast, seem to be holding together pretty well. They come from different social backgrounds: Webster was a former Young Conservative and once ran a second-hand shop specializing in military boots and relics; Tyrind's parents were voters, carters, but one uncle revealed eccentric as a Protestant Bishop of London.

Tyrind has declared that of his party gained power he would, as well as "repatriating" black immigrants, allow himself every night to go to court, control the money supply, ban imports, bring back conscription, subsidize the unions to 20 pence per hour and set up a state film industry in mourning "native-produced" movies. The film he seems to have most admired is *Zulu*, based on the 1879 story of Rorke's Drift, when 120 British soldiers stood heroically against a horde of Zulu warriors. But he told an interviewer last year, "I really promoted native pride and awareness."

As for some of these presentism-plunging claspdowns on street crime (most anti-pimps, mistakenly, are the work of young unemployed blacks) and a campaign against so-called welfare "scroungers," would probably strike a responsive chord in more voters than Britain's political leaders would like to admit. Political observers believe that Britain's postwar Fascist movement is more ideologically based than Italy's notorious Blackshirts in the 1930s.

Tyrind and Webster (who has the title of National Activities Organizer) have not made Money's mistake: miscalculating the effects of economic depression. They have capitulated on them. Money, still in his promotion code as a finance and with a letter to *The Times*, also cited as being

ing himself too closely with Hitler's Nazis. The two now actively seeking inspiration through the bullas box, despite an aversion to street marches.

The Frost draws most of its support from working-class areas which have seen large inflows of colored immigrants, many on welfare with their own families. It moved outward when it's Anna, daughter of the Uganda-Amin, and packed up much publicity when the British tabloid press headlined the "sawdust" of Frost's refugees being put up at four-star support hotels while school teachers tried to find housing for them. Perhaps significantly, the Frost has a growing amount of support among airport transportation officials and similar civil servants.

Tyrind is not under-estimated by people who have studied his development through the years, from a strutting jackbooted wann to something like a mutant popstar. In the last three general elections, he has put up progressively more candidates and gained a larger share of the vote, though so far it's been a single seat. In the next election, due by the latest in 1979, a place 250 candidates, thereby claiming a proportional slice of broadcasting time and a single seat in the House of Commons. In 1974, elections in which he ran, he won electoral support in considerably larger than that of the British Communist Party which in October, 1974, fought only 29 constituencies and won 77,000 votes. The two contested 80 and picked up 114,000 votes.

At the Guardian's Malcolm Walker wrote in his thoughtful book *The National Front*, men of economic hardship, alien and minority, lead people to be attracted by what Enoch Powell, the secretary of the Conservative, has called "the great simplicities." They look for scapegoats and simple, even brutal solutions. "If I have a racist economic theories improve, concentration will double in half. If not, well, I will." Walker says, "Perhaps the best measure of the change that has come and the change that may yet be, is that a bare four years ago the prospect of a ray of hand of former Conservative Empire League, and even today, the fourth party in the country was widely unthinkable." CAROL KENNEDY

## AUSTRALIA

### Confrontation politics

The "Redfern Mangle" is a four-million-dollar machine which, when it goes wrong, shreds Australia's letters instead of tearing them. Not long ago a lived more peacefully in its own home when it tore the city's 20-year-old postal worker, Jim Smith, who that machine apart, the Mangle's story is a familiar one. So is the abhorrent history of relations between the 3,000 postal workers at Sydney's view, and postalists Redfern mail exchange and the postal authorities who employ them.

There is much to be said about the

Long's threat at the beginning of August, during the air traffic controllers' strike, that "we are going to have to seriously consider whether or not that right to strike is an appropriate" in disputes involving public employees.

But the last-pressed Liberal (conservative) government of Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser has gone further. It has added to Australia's already imposing (though ineffectively ineffective) body of trade union legislation a law that Fraser's critics say, is calculated to so provide the means that Fraser will be able to go to the country on a "shoot or cut" platform.

While the blow point may not have been deadly—it is now the equivalent of 21st Canadian cents—the Sydney papers have been waging a two-year, intense campaign of industrial action in support of a claim for a 10% wage working week instead of the current 40. Simply by imposing an overtime ban they threaten the city's and deliveries.

The race who has led them on this collision course with public, power and more moderate interests outside the postal union is Australia's Postal and Telecommunications Union general secretary George Blane, 30. Off him a union colleague once said (in many ways have thought of former Canadian postal workers' president Joe Devore): "George was a clothes horse to clean his teeth, his mouth is as big."

It certainly is large enough to swallow a

**Frost gambling, with good odds, that this Union-bashing won't hurt a bit**



## This guy won't make them forget Hoover, but he'll make them want to

Had he been born 100 years ago, Frank Meier Johnson Jr. would have been a hanging judge. That is the sort of man he is. Today, however, hanging is out of style and President Jimmy Carter has appointed him to head the new. Despite the cheers that greeted the announcement, Johnson is a curious choice for the job.

For the past few decades it has been possible to confuse the real with the Keystone Cops. It's not just the antics, it's the attitude. The blame can't fairly be laid at the bumper. Edgar Hoover, one of the most famous, comic-opera heroes in Washington history for 40 years he topped the agency in his own image.

Alongside their other work he so-called G-men—there are currently 4,000—undermined the American Bill of Rights and the Constitution in order to fight off what he called "un-American" activities. He was only one of the many who didn't like Hoover's own political leanings, they committed burglaries, blackmail, illegal writings and buggings and they also ruthlessly pilfered and harassed innocent people.

One former G-man, John J. Kennedy, who for years headed the New York field office and spent much of his time illegally opening hundreds of thousands of private letters in uncover "Commies," has even been indicted. Others seem likely to be charged. But the agency's head that they were "just obeying orders," that the justice department is "out to get them."

Leaders at the time, current jobs that the new J. Edgar Hoover has been questioned in Washington say records have reached its shelves. Hoover said he trusted and rewarded individuals who have, as far as possible, made sure the present director, Clarence M. Kelley, did not stink off the Hoover shadow.

Johnson's task, when he takes over on Kelley's retirement at the end of this year, therefore is a gargantuan to rethink the sort of the role and to reverse the old Hoover



Hoover and Johnson, what the former has wrought, now the latter just sounder?

our custom of concentrating on "easy" crimes (such as Indonesia car theft) and letting the FBI alone.

There is no question that the judge, still only 58, is a very remarkable person. Lean and lit, he is a letter-of-the-law man. No one can remember him being a job. His presence promotes fear, not following. One young lawyer, appearing before him for the first time, actually fainted with fright. Johnson merely nodded to the ability to carry the man away.

But to succeed at the job, he must generate more than respect and fear. They were the tools that Hoover deployed. What Johnson needs, and has not yet demonstrated, is charisma.

The oldest of seven children, Johnson was born in the hill country of Winston County, Alabama. The family, referred to as the "Hoover family," lived in a small house in the back of the hill. In the last century, they had no slaves and when the old South broke away from the Union, Winston County seceded from Alabama and fought for the Yankees. This sense of history left the area an island of Republicanism in a sea of one-party, Democratic politics and the tradition has deeply affected the judge. But it was his grandfather who set the style. He was a no-nonsense sheriff who earned the nickname "Straight Edge." Today.

An infantry officer in the World War I, Johnson returned to Alabama to graduate from law school alongside George Wallace. The two were friends



then. As one of the few Republican figures in the state, he was an Eisenhower state manager in the Presidential campaign there in 1952. When he won, Johnson was appointed United States attorney in Birmingham, where he established a reputation as a zealous prosecutor. On November 7, 1955, at 37, he became full country's youngest federal district judge.

His time (or not) as the red-necked one it was earned in a clash late that year with his old pal Wallace, by then a state judge. Wallace tried to withhold voting records from civil rights workers. Johnson ordered him to hand them over and under threat of contempt, Wallace complied. Throughout the bitter struggle Johnson was a law for blacks in Alabama, a man Johnson who's been widely regarded as the segregationist. He opened the state schools to Negroes, desegregated the buses and the shops and made sure that blacks had the same voting channels as whites—and he defied Klan violence and threats all along the way.

But none of this was the result of campaigning tenor. He merely, as he says himself, ruled on the law as it was given to him to interpret. At a dinner party a few months ago he described himself as a "conservative friendly but lawyer with no liberal propensities."

On hearing of the judge's appointment, Alabama attorney George DeLoach said: "God give the judge. It means as much as a state. DeLoach might add: "God give the law." Successful or not, Judge Johnson will face a lot of hell of a shake-up. WILLIAM LAWRENCE

line of controversial topics which range from race to the constitution's interpretation of its own members. According to Slater, the opposition Labor Party led by Gough Whitlam is under the control of egotists who want to regard the trade union movement as dirt under its fingernails. He is currently more concerned with the movement itself. "Australia's 300 unions, with the exception of a handful, are passive and worth as much as a cold potato." Slater would like to see the number of unions reduced by merger to 14 or 15 big unions, by himself.

Wildcat strikes, overtime bans, stop-

work meetings and work-to-rule campaigns are a way of life in Australia today which has one of the most heavily unionized work forces in the world. But Slater's brand of militancy has won the scorn of few friends among those who follow workers although many unemployment (now at 137,000, 3.5%) and double-digit inflation are potent driving forces.

Prime Minister Fraser is aware of this and the Labor Party suspects that his legislation is designed to provoke a confrontation with the militant unions and break them from the radicalism of the left so that he can stand a chance of

winning an election. 12 months ahead of time, on the issue of trade union power.

The act's terms are so carefully calculated so that just that. Steamrollered through parliament it enables the government to suspend without pay or to dismiss any federal public servant as "disciplinary officer" who engages in a strike, go down or violation of the law even if the employee is an union party and no matter who the strike is in the public or private sector.

By Canadian standards, Australia's workers already are severely hampered in their right to strike. If more of the law, compulsory arbitration is installed



# Business

This country isn't big enough for some people, including Donald Love

G. Donald Love looks at the job he stepped out of his public relations office in his report to the shareholders of Oxford Development Group Ltd., the Edmonton-based real estate development company. Love is both president and chairman of the board. And there, his quotation reflects the way the Royal Trust Tower in Oxford's Edmonton Centre, Edmonton's tallest office tower at 41 floors, is his immediate and a foretold black swan. Every bird in his land is newly ground one place. Love's hands flutter from his head to his shoes to the sales of his chair like anxious dragons. He fumbles with his gold Cross pen, drops it a couple of times, picks it up. When it comes to dealing with the press, Donald Love may be Canada's most nervous millionaire. He even resists being photographed. He's convinced that one developer colleague who had his photo taken did so as a direct result of public indignity inspired by the latter and the accompanying story. Love rejects most interviews and relies instead on analysts to his senior executives. Only the fact that Oxford went quasi-public last year with a \$176 million sale of convertible preferred shares persuades him to speak.

But Love's personal life is far from so austere. For when the talk turns to "doing deals," by all accounts he becomes bura-bura in water.

Love, along with George and John Poole, all Pacific Continental started Oxford back in 1980. He has led it ever since and ever upward to encounter \$547 million in assets. The only larger developers are privately owned Olympia & York Development Ltd. with an estimated \$1.5 billion in assets and the Brundage International of companies, Frost Corporation Ltd. (assets \$660 million) and Cadillac Fairview Corporation Limited (assets \$1.27 billion).

Oxford began modestly by developing properties and selling them to investors by 1988. Following the sale of interest in the company to Canada Trust Co., Great-West Life Insurance Co. and Confederation Life Insurance Co., it went both developing and keeping its properties as long-term investments. The investment provided the financial muscle (they still own 40% of Oxford's shares) the Poole brothers (26% owners) furnish the building know-how and Don Love (12.5% ownership) the whining-drinking spirit. Oxford's yearly growth has averaged a market-like 47% since 1973. And when it came that double since 1975, when Oxford's assets



Love (above) and the stretch that became Calgary's TD Square (below) are where the action is in Canada, and where the action will be again in the States.

pressed the development industry by buying control of privately held Cambridge Leveschild, Toronto, perhaps the most successful developer of regional shopping centers. In the same year, Oxford absorbed

no-bored Delta Hotels Ltd. and surprised it, in partnership with its former president and others, in a constant management company operating more than 2,500 rooms.

Oxford has in fact grown too big for the Canadian market. In fact, it's not unique among Canada's real estate goliaths who are moving out of real estate to develop here.

Nearly two-thirds of the largest developers and hundreds of individuals have been warning southward in the past few years, buying and developing in much as \$2.5 billion to three billion dollars of property. Most have made money in the "Sunbelt"—Florida through California. But few have tackled impopular inner city areas or developed their main interest in the United States. Oxford's doing both. So far, it has completed an office tower in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and has a 40-story complex under construction and a

two-tower office project planned for Denver. Large properties are also under way in Phoenix and at Lake Buena Vista, Florida, where Oxford was selected by Walt Disney Productions as the developer of an office park of two million square feet—enough to keep Winnipeg as new office space for seven years.

Besides its Southwestern commitments, Oxford is working with city leaders in developing a multi-block office project in downtown Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota, and presumably will be doing the same thing in Louisville, Kentucky, where it was appointed interim developer earlier this year. Indeed, Oxford made its mark in a series of blocks under three flags. This spring, it picked up two blocks of Minneapolis buildings for \$68.5 million, perhaps the single largest property deal in the city's history. Although nearly two-thirds some \$350 million worth, of Oxford's new projects are in the United States, Oxford's bread is all the more with a serious spin. "We're not vacating Canada. That's forever. It's just that there's no place left to go. Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto—they all overbilled."

Oxford's specialty is in smart downtown redevelopment. Among its monuments are Lombard Place in Winnipeg, McCauley Plaza and Edinburg Centre in Edmonton, Toronto-Dominion Square in Calgary and Market Square in Kitchener-Waterloo. But can an experience in redeveloping the cores of already healthy Canadian cities work as U.S. downtowns abandoned years ago by developers pursuing the expansion of suburban America? Love admits the problems but is convinced that "we're going to see a revival of the dead in the U.S. cities. They're not just going to sit by and let the cores of their cities rot away anymore. We're getting a very positive opinion in the United States from all levels of governments toward redevelopment."

It will be years, though, until Oxford finds out if its faith is justified, whether an expansionist thesis that was born in Calgary can woo them in a Kentucky, Wyoming, Kentucky urban affairs consultant William G. Conway contends that "the management guarantees neither the investment nor the ownership the future of the city."

Oxford is about the closest developer to stand, says analyst for Glasgow's stockbroker Brown, Biddiss, McKel Ltd. "But where they fall down is in not making a lot of money." Oxford generated \$48.2 million in rental last year. But after accounting for operations, depreciation and taxes, the breakdown shows a mere \$2.1 million net cash flow—the actual cash in hand—was \$9.6 million, and only a 12.9% return on shareholders' equity of \$74.3 million. But financial ratios aren't everything. As Conway points out, if you believe good income properties are better than those in the political climate, and he can't cause anyone to waste time on the province, so they

## The uneasy reflections of a man who's seen it all before

Business column by Peter Brimelow



Fodor's rebapse once again?

Shoulder square, loose-limbed, white eyes and penetrating and cynical smile, Nicholas J. Fodor doesn't show his 73 years or his 1940s-style hair. This Canadian, a winner around his Montreal-based electrical equipment company, Electrovert Inc. was born in 1914, in part of the Hungarian youth diaspora, he witnessed the funeral of the Emperor Franz Josef in Vienna. Like many Jewish Austro-Hungarians, he experienced harrowing circumstances with a tender, sweet smile. Memories of his brother Alfred perished through Nazi-occupied Hungary (he has a tattoo from the death hanging in his office), memories of starvation, murder and rape during the Russian occupation of the worst of which, he says, was seeing his children hungry, of exploitation by the Communists in 1948 of the bitter struggle as a penniless slave to keep his family from starvation. His 183 million assets, employing 250 people, exporting to 29 countries—all these recollections occur the more he talks.

Bill 101 is just the latest in a life of storms. But that doesn't prevent him from recognizing—in English, French or his third language, *deuxième langue*—the brutal nature of politics. Thus, Fodor has chosen to make a public case of his opposition to Bill 101 in his letters from prisons depicting all the provisions in "national" sentences—even though he's been punting French sales letters for years and needs of his polyglot factory still runs along in French ("except for the technical documents"). The best is speak English nonetheless, says analyst for Glasgow's stockbroker Brown, Biddiss, McKel Ltd. "But where they fall down is in not making a lot of money."

Oxford generated \$48.2 million in rental last year. But after accounting for operations, depreciation and taxes, the breakdown shows a mere \$2.1 million net cash flow—the actual cash in hand—was \$9.6 million, and only a 12.9% return on shareholders' equity of \$74.3 million. But financial ratios aren't everything. As Conway points out, if you believe good income properties are better than those in the political climate, and he can't cause anyone to waste time on the province, so they

for their children's education. Since his own business only really took off with patents developed by a nephew from the 1950s, Hungarian experience, he's surely aware that today this man could not be brought into Quebec—for one thing, he could not get his citizenship according by the eight-second bodies.

Beyond all this, moreover, Fodor clearly shows that too much of his money is passing into the hands of a bureaucracy that does not understand the export business and proves not to learn. He is worried about the power for duration that is to be vested with young French who choose to pursue his new right. He regards the "business community" he's required to form, with one third employee representation, as an insult—"It will be working on my time, with my money!"—as well as a potential injury to his company's success on the stock market.

But all this, he says, is not the worst power the legislation proposes to give to regulatory bodies in a state bargain of arbitrary rule, jobkilling of business and, ultimately, of liberty. "I've seen all these laws before," he says, warning the various agencies empowered to change it. "I've seen the 'business community' and to struggle the riddle case under the Commission. There is no formula people can't circumvent. But it will automatically cause companies to change to the law. I haven't worried because every action has an equal and opposite reaction."

"Light," from Fodor, put on record of his own views on the Quebec government. He has said much about his life and, in any case, his office is now officially in Toronto, where as legal and insurance correspondence can be conducted in English. Fodor says that if he is not trapped now, as slave for independence will disintegrate for another generation, political culture in English Canada is capable of recognizing and preventing its own dismemberment.



GARY WILSON

# Sports

## The Prince of Thieves

Fifty years ago, Ty Cobb was baseball's most unrepentant schemer. One day, while leaving his roommate, pitcher Sam Rice, Cobb said to have sneered: "I got to be free—all the time." Rice had beaten Cobb off the field from the clubhouse. Today's Nap Rucker is Lou Brock, the St. Louis Cardinals' 35-year-old, 17-year veteran who has managed to make Cobb notorious, not more so. As *Ameringer's* went to press, Brock was on a stolen base streak of Cobb's record 93, and on his way to 906. That he should be beat out is wild, naturally, since the late Cobb that he should be beaten by a black man from the Deep South, while Cobb apparently grew up being mean would surely have.

Cobb was called many names, but publicly always the Georgia Peach. Brock is usually called nothing more exalting than Larcenous Lou, the Cardinal Cointort or the Base Burger. Cobb stole 92 bases any way he could, even if it meant attempting to carve his initials into some second baseman's forearm with his spikes, as it sometimes did. Brock steals statistically. A mathematician major for three years at Southern University in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Brock has calculated that the quickest a ball can be thrown from the pitcher's mound to home plate to second base is 29 seconds—and then only if it's a fastball and the catcher makes a perfect throw. Brock has also calculated that he can run from first to second in 3.3 or 4 seconds, every time, and he admits that being 38 years old hasn't changed that factor in his equation.

Observes Missouri rightfielder J. R. Richard "Brock's mind is like a computer. If I tell him he can beat that pitcher and that catcher, that ain't much surprise can do about it." Except this season. Traditionally successful on 75% of his attempted steals, Brock is running at 51% efficiency this year. After a dozen seasons of 50 or more stolen bases, he hasn't even made 50 attempts, a circumstance he attributes to the Cardinals' inability to back up his base-stealing. "It's a two-man act," Brock explains, "and we have a young kid, Gusty Torpeltine, taking behind me. It took an old pro like Ted Simmons three years to learn how to handle that position." [Torpeltine, the veteran Scoremore could anticipate when Brock intended to steal, and then onto the pitch, even if it was right down the middle of the plate.]

The memories linger. In 1974, Brock

stole 118 bases to break the one-season record of 104 set by Los Angeles' Maury Wills, who also had the audacity to beat Cobb and his 96. That year, the pitcher of both the Chicago Cubs and Montreal Expos were ordered, no more, to alter their juking delivery when Brock was in first. "It does take away from your velocity but we had to do it," admits Montreal's right-hander Steve Rogers, who watched helplessly as Brock run up a string of 34 consecutive steals against him (the string was finally broken in July of this year).

The most prolific base-stealer in history first played baseball in Collinston, Louisiana, a backwoods farming town. He left school on the strength of a \$10,000 bonus from the Chicago Cubs, but didn't really hit his stride until he joined the Cardinals. In June, 1964, as a left-fielder Brock coached the Cards to the National League pennant by taking .346, scoring 81 runs

and stealing 35 home through the rest of the season. They won the World Series that year, three years later, they won it again, and Brock went into history as one of the most polished offensive players in the game.

What's left for him? Hitting 30 points below his lifetime average and stealing fewer than 50 bases for the first time since he left Chicago, Brock would seem to be in the first days of his career. However, he believes the season is mostly his "left year" and his contract runs through 1978. As well, he has just passed the 2,000 mark for career hits, which means he will soon join the exclusive club of a dozen players who have topped 1,000. That accomplishment, when and if it comes, will put Brock in select company: that the club he is just cracking, with a membership of one until he joined, and demoted Cobb, has an even more hallowed atmosphere. JON KOPPEL



Brock easily beating the throw in Pittsburgh's Rennie Strombos earlier in the season: now truly in a class by himself

# Law

## 'Poaching' may have a nice, romantic ring to it, but don't be deceived

An experienced man with a good partner and the right equipment can earn himself \$10,000 to \$12,000 in three months, and that's not bad in New Brunswick where the Help Wanted column isn't usually overflowing with toppling offers. The work is steady, legal, of course, but that's no great deterrent, it has the best support of the community at large. The profession is seldom poaching, and it has grown to the extent that it now threatens the survival of the species as some of the greatest salmon fishermen in the world.

Poaching New Brunswick style is not just a few youngsters or overzealous part-timers tapping in fish for the third of it. Instead, it's a growth industry, its practitioners equipped with everything from four-wheel-drive vehicles and cut rigs to huge nets and scale gear. They work with muscle and efficiency, swiftly clearing out the salmon pools of the Miramichi, the Restigouche and other famed rivers. Operating out of the forest, their prime motivation is profit and not—in the argument once ran—in pure revenge on the wealthy sportsmen who control access to some of the best potholes. "The bigger the net I made was the better in my eyes," an ex-poacher confessed. "For three hours' work I made \$1,600."

Biologists estimate that poachers may have netted as much as a third of the Atlantic salmon on New Brunswick and Quebec rivers this summer. Many of them are the spawning beds of the headwaters. And all the while, the theory is being quietly encouraged by the general public, which provides a steady market for the illegally caught—and relatively cheap—salmon. It's easy to find at fish markets, seafood stalls, restaurants and menus. Dr. Wilfred Carter, executive director of the International Atlantic Salmon Foundation in St. Andrews, N.S., acknowledges "Until we get rid of the immense market for poached salmon, we won't get rid of poaching."

But the biggest story is that a well-intentioned conservation measure has actually contributed to the growth of a salmon black market. In 1972, a move to allow more extensive salmon to visit river headwaters and spawn, the federal government banned commercial salmon fishing in New Brunswick, parts of Quebec and Newfoundland. Spawning increased, but at the same time the fish became a more precious commodity at the dinner table, with the result that fish consumers willing to pay up to \$2.50 a pound for the delicious pink fish (poaching has flourished). A complicating factor is the attempts to



protect the salmon in the position of the local Indians who claim aboriginal fishing rights. On New Brunswick's St. John River, federal wardens have issued only several times this summer from Miramichi Indians of the Knappton Reserve near Fredericton. And the Quebec government ordered members of the Restigouche Reserve near Cross Falls to lift their nets in June because their quota of 10,000 pounds of salmon had been reached. The Indians continued to fish Restigouche reserves, claiming that Michael Hays holds that the Indians' rights extend beyond fishing for food to selling the salmon as well. There are few money-making opportunities on the reserves and "if people come here at night and offer a poor bundle (\$15 to \$20) for a salmon, how can you blame him for selling it?"

Poaching made open sale of open river has proved an impossible task. The province has a small staff of wardens, but their success has not been overwhelming. For one thing, given the financial stakes, it is no surprise that poaching has its violent side, and wardens have been threatened, shot at and had their camps burned. Besides, local poachers' connections often have a hand in the appointment of wardens, with one happy result: in a separate instance three months, officers disguised as poachers were able to buy off wardens, one warden even advised them to sweep a pool but

helpfully advised them that they wouldn't have much success—what poachers had been the night before. Along the Restigouche, sportmen are now leading. On the June 5 (1980) to \$125,000 a year) a private patrol called the Restigouche River Association. With 38 leaders, four fully equipped patrol cars and a radio network extending to the farther reaches of the river system, the association has begun its drive of poaching this summer. There is still a problem of wardens. "We have the river covered as well as we can, but we can't put men on every pool," says association superintendent Bill Murray.

That the salmon still exist in New Brunswick's great fishing rivers is a tribute to dedicated sportsmen and biologists who've wrought a major conservation miracle in the past decade restoring salmon runs by reducing pollution, learning to cope with hydro dams and leaving a bouncing commercial fishery. Now, with barely a peep of protest from the community, the poachers are threatening much of that progress. The solution could be a stringent licensing and monitoring system forcing all warden of Atlantic salmon, but meanwhile, the immediate threat is posed by one concerned and frustrated New Brunswick official. "We could be witnessing the extinction of the Restigouche salmon." DAVID HUNTER

# Education

You don't like what the school system's doing? Why not do it yourself?

The note was curt: Even crude. "Your name starts with M. Your time slot is 4 to 4:25. Don't be late and don't cowboy!" Sent home from a nearby Ottawa public school, this note was a turning point for Judy McCoy, mother of three school-aged children. Was that the way in his/her education—10 minutes' notice at the end of term? Not long after, McCoy withdrew her children and enrolled them in Cornerpoint, For Cornerpoint, as the name implies, stands apart from conventional public schools. It is a parent-run, privately owned school for 25 children. Here, in the sunny quarters of a shared basement, part-time parents in advance notice meet from home and school meetings and end-of-term chats with no intrusion. Parents hire teachers, help decide curriculum and spend at least three hours a week helping out in the classroom. Like McCoy they are not called "free school" respondents: they are middle-class, well-educated people who demand more control over how their children are educated. "It's all very tickle!" says McCoy. "We are thinking on what has long been hallowed ground for parents."

Disaffection has grown among parents in the last decade about the quality of education offered by provincially administered schools. Between 1991 and 1996 public school enrolment across Canada dropped by 246,545 while private schools (and their private parent-run schools) gained popularity: enrolment increased by 53,596. Some education say too much change too soon has encouraged enthusiastically high standards. "They have expectations that the school just can't fulfil," says Henry Hedges of the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education (OISE). "It's like the Coca-Cola ad. After a while you start believing them." One solution, says Ruth

on Stamp, associate dean of education at the University of Calgary in "parent power." He believes that the role of parents may become the focus of school debate in the coming decade.

"Even at the most progressive public schools parents are basically outside," says McCoy. But at Cornerpoint parents own an actual building, help repair and clean the school and participate in daily outings. One father, a psychologist, brought in a bearded beaver of a week from his university experience for the children to observe. Another took students on a tour of his farm. A mother heard about a local play, called the school, and by the end of the day the children had seen it. Unfrequently, parents pay dearly for the privilege of personal involvement in their children's education: tuition is \$130 per month for each child.

In Toronto, however, Blueprints II will operate that fall in an alternative school funded by the Toronto board of education. Previously a private school charging \$2,000 a year for tuition, it is now directed by a board of five parents and two teachers. Markham Community School in Wharfedale, tuition is kept down to \$50 to \$70 a month by parent dedication and parent facilities (the school is an old trailer, but no washroom or running water). Like many parent-run schools, it stresses academic training in the morning and parent-oriented activities, such as art and cooking, in the afternoon.

Not all parent-run schools are started by middle-class parents. In Toronto, Wandering Spirit Survival School (named after a Cree war chief) is opening its doors for a second year to native children. It first be-

gan when Vern Harper's seven-year-old son came home in the spring after being bullied in school, found his friends and said, "That's it. I'm finished. I'm not going back." Harper decided to start a school to help Indian children better understand their culture. "They call it an alternative school. We call it a survival school," he says. The school has worked wonders, not only for its pupils but for the adults involved. "For the first time in my life, I feel like an Indian man," says Harper. "I feel I have both. Our children feel proud of us." Another parent-run school, Lanesville Community School, was started back in 1968 in Tridale Court, a poor area of Toronto, by several mothers who thought their children were not being given an equal opportunity in the school system.

Falling parents in the classroom aren't a threat to teachers, says Hedges. In fact, parents can be very useful in an emergency. Hedges discovered just one volunteer in a classroom of about 30 students would enable four times as much personal attention to be given to individual pupils. By leaving the main classroom but functioning as job volunteers, teachers can also better lessons. In yet another study, at St. Catharines, Ontario, Hedges found that the reading skills of 51 first-grade kids almost doubled when 3 volunteers came in half a day a week. Following Hedges' research, many Canadian schools are now making a gradual shift to more parent involvement. In Ontario, about half the public schools now have volunteer programs (though only about 25% of them are comprehensive) and Winnipeg and Calgary both have large, parent-run volunteer corps.

Parent-run schools, of course, are not without faults. "Too often they are a vehicle for the projection of parental problems," says Terrence Mooney, a professor in the faculty of education at the University of Manitoba. Terry Burton, an educator at Dalhousie University in Halifax, tried a parent-run school with his family and opined out. "We really talked more about ourselves than the kids," he says. The schools have also been criticized for failing to do more learning difficulties and not planning long-term programs. But their very existence is forcing public schools to acknowledge the role parents can play in the education of their children. And now, as a Calgary teacher once said, "Parents have been asked to write blank checks on their children's lives on the educational only 'experts' can make educational decisions." JULIANNE LARSEN

# Travel

Unpack your bag, dear, we're going on a trip

The wandering cobblestone streets thronged with tourists from Europe, and North America. Smiles and bouquets were full of smiles and bouquets and in the nightclubs and restaurants the nature of celebrity shows previous to the last table no more have they are dressed or are it. Here, at the Quarter Mainstay of Cape Agde on the south coast of France, life is a little of what you see. Nothing is better to wear, then for the sake of the show, stay away and wear nothing at all.

Tom Nature, a specially designed "dressing optional" resort, opened its 1000 beds (and three years ago) to accommodate those who prefer to vacation "comfortably." Its popularity with both singles and families is an indication of a trend that has been growing in Europe since the 1950s and has supported a few U.S. travel agencies since the early 1970s. The first Canadian operation, Toronto Tours—"We like to see more of our customers"—opened this summer in Vancouver, Ontario.

Wander to the children from Don's Island to Bon Bon on a luxury boat, a small ship or a schooner in the Caribbean and not have to take out your underwear at night. It's not for an adult without checking the cruise for your personal press just to get even for a regular travel agent, anywhere from Vancouver to Toronto, that provides a suitable beach? Here we go: the package for you! It is a package more and more vacationers are buying, although none of the low prices are to give figures. But there are 73 vacation clubs in Canada to provide winter shelter—most everyone who wants to compare nature is also going to a water park and playing volleyball. It is becoming difficult to find public beaches on this continent where there is

nothing between you and the sea but a civil disobedience charge. In 1975 public nudity was banned from the Cape Cod National Seashore because so many people were congregating that there was a traffic problem. In Vancouver this summer, city alderman Bernard Gordon and members of a group called Citizens for Integrity were upset by the numbers of undressed bodies on the beaches and held an "anti-nude" march one Sunday afternoon to try and clear up a five-mile stretch that, says Gordon, has "been shrouded" by bus bodies. "I don't think we're going to fight until we die," she says, "but the majority of the population isn't packed up for this. It's just not quite real."

Not unless you're a confirmed sunbather, at someone like CTV's Canada AM hosts, Helen Hutchinson who feels when she's in the nude beach provided by Guelph's Club Mod that she makes "close friends" very quickly. "When you take everything off, he no longer believes them. Clothes are a disaster for most people, we're all feeling behind them." New Yorker Barry Platon who runs Skippy Day Tours—"No hiking into no hiker!"—agrees. On luxury cruises, with about 25% of the passengers single people who hang around the pool and "hook money" during the day get all dressed up at night "when it's time to turn somebody on."

For those who want to get organized to take their clothes off, prices are about the same as regular vacations—minus the cost of the building rent. Platon also runs a beach tour in New Jersey club as a winter escape. "People are scared to death the first time," he says. "They want to do it, but they have the fear of the unknown. Our guide gives them a speech, shows them where the bathrooms are and 30 minutes later they're not even aware they're not wearing anything." SANDRA PERRO

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McCoy (left), fellow parent/teacher Barbara Miller, and students freethinking

Sliding down the slide: what are the well-dressed people wearing this year? Swimsuits



# Cities

Where men are men, women are women, and who cares about loads?

As a citizen with the full belt of the U.S. government granting his two-inch-long, warty form *Bigfo Houston* would find a very safe road. Deciding him among the most endangered amphibians, Washington wants to use another 25 square miles of his former study and in "critical habitat." A problem, though. *Bigfo* lives in Houston, which he believes is in the green park of the Great growing major city on the continent. A local naturalist from that if the government pushes on with its plan—which would deprive subsistence hunters of their usual federal assistance—Houston will see their client to try to get the whole endangered Species Act thrown out.

Indeed, the Gulf Coast between 100 square miles for 500 square miles. Drowning Los Angeles is unlikely to put performance in anything about its development—how of all kinds, whose unique battlefront is in any case hard to beat over the dream of our conditions. Being in over the national leader of resistance to "urban controls." Houston has held out against anyone to come on land and meet an automobile population to hope that some kind it comes to pollution which is said to be a role in what is one of the country's highest death rates from lung cancer, both of which are dangerous problems. Houston anything less than America's most desirable place. To be sure, the steady climate, making Houston's, is held to be one reason Houston appears to be leading the world in the search for the Arab market. And there are few signs of deadly smoke when striking distance of downtown.

But these things must be weighed against problems for the plucking Houston. America's fifth largest city (population 2.5 million) ranks just third fifth for living costs. It has no welfare program, claiming that anyone who wants to work. In fact, last Houston of high-flying capitalism and self-help, "people can't afford the American Dream" says the mayor, Fred Hofmann. In fact, his reputation is growing at 120,000 a year. Some of that has been due to its employees transferring with their firms. More than 100 companies have shifted stable offices here since 1970. But many of the newcomers, paid with better northern wages and job security have approved of their own nation. And for many of these the dream plan out.

To be sure, there's still the shock of the weather—"mild" according to local chamber of commerce people, but a much less willing a combination of heat and hu-



trinity that Houston was labeled a "hardship posing" for British diplomats before the introduction of central cooling. These days air-conditioned men-bean struts new Houstonians handful of blocks from their pocket, air-conditioned cars to air-fuelled cooled tunnels, holding air units, cinemas and offices—often where most of them work hard and care enough to buy a book of the good life. "I always thought I'd have to be a lot older and a lot richer to live like this," says Barbara Blum, who moved to Houston to become Gulf Oil's corporate affairs director. Indeed, any young executive with the oil company—34 of America's 25 largest are in Houston—can expect to see a suburban with such brazen razziness as a sign warning of "Duck Crossing" (the normal local reaction to ducks is to shoot them). All this, and four billion more bills, with that real green bill—for the sum of \$70,000 which previously relocated the family to an approximation city-level on some previous posting to Calgary. For promotion, heles

trinity (even when it's 125 degrees Fahrenheit in the sun) and pugging (during the occasional moderate cooler), rain or hail, that some evenings have been spent dosing up in diapers and bombarding one another with cakes.

Transplanted ones enjoy the improvement in sunny days, affected by schools that are much milder than up north. Girls who used to compete in field hockey are reduced to the desecrated democracy of marching—in sweats and cowboy hats—at football games. Teen-agers may also kick on to exemplary traditions in what some say is America's most powerful in its standing room only at a lot of the local churches. Perhaps helping the cause, the First Baptist have built their new \$9.5 million church in the area of Houston's two hottest highways.

The 400 Mexican and black population stands less open (churches) and is played by joblessness at exceeding where rates (95 percent to 4-45). Still, Houston provides "There's no work for anyone who wants it," says Bob Urban, Longshore director Larry Carter, working for the "number of Houston companies which survive off cheap labor."

For that matter, the smart thing is to get a company out of it. With no money to do business which are Houston's apart from every other large town is a legal to plunk your book, stand, replace with book-end music and a revolving sign, forty-carrier to a million-dollar mansion. The order of cooking will keep pleasantly into the fence-gray gauzy haze which, the chamber of commerce is trying to tell Washington's Environmental Protection Agency, differs from Los Angeles smog. All the budding entrepreneur need be careful about it, moving under the plan done of a side-walk. A city official explains that Houston's rock bottom taxes, the lowest of any major U.S. city, are the key to attracting migrants. But that means there's little revenue for the small numbers of its best life. "We don't want a downtown in Houston, you build a downtown."

Basically, that may be just the answer for *Bigfo*, the Houston local. The federal government says he needs his "critical habitat" to ensure him quiet (the Dallas people) and steady food (for ease of breathing). But *Bigfo* can surely both these conditions on any of Houston's streets—which are deserted because it is too hot for anyone to be out on them, and which are a patchwork of centers, with nice sunny long where the blimp has long since moved home.

SHARON K. WILSON

# Careers

She walks in beauty—and gets paid damned well for it



Kimworth: here's looking at you, kid

You'll say there is the glass-roofed Courtyard Café in the sky-covered Windsor Arms Hotel in downtown Toronto just about any time of day: actors, actresses, directors and assorted creatives (poets, rock/pop singers and musicians from the nearby Soundwave studio, elegantly collected, mostly blond go-go-women and aspirants prancing between shopping and hair-dressers, and, inevitably, public figures stepping through heavy curtains and cow

ladies. Everyone under the glass dome of confidence gets a good, critical eye, for a second at least. But arrive with Susan Kimworth and heads don't just turn. They leap around. Among the beautiful people at the Courtyard, she stands, at six feet two inches, a brief, above the crowd. Fifty-eight, she is one of the prettiest few at the top of the small but bustling fashion world of Canadian fashion modeling. For

this London, Ontario, native raised in Virginia, nothing beats it pleasure as well as business, a rare no matter to be assigned to her age and wisdom.

"I never thought I was pretty," she emphasizes and half-whisper, "just ingored and lonely. I did I wasn't in good in anyone else. Now that I'm at the top, I've gone the other way." She spends \$15,000 a year on clothes, dresses and underdresses—extravagantly, attending openings in six-figure houses and well-dressed evening parties, and baroque dinners by the handful—rock stars, athletes, lawmakers, artists, photographers, married and unmarried.

She trades enough self-confidence for a dozen million pretty girls. That has made—and is becoming, when on in new fashions and her skin, hair, weight and figure will keep her on top for perhaps another six

years. The average fashion model's career lasts 10 years. By 30, most are washed up, replaced by younger, hotter, fatter, fatter "looka" beautiful fashion models find a drastic life: leaving the industry about 100,000 a year. Some can continue with lucrative television and character modeling, or runway work, where their age least don't show.

But most would be models don't get that far. They drop out after a few disappointing months. An exceptional few go on to big bucks in New York or Paris. Indeed, Canada has built a lively export trade in beautiful women. "There you make it in Toronto, you can make it anywhere," says Elana Dene, fashion photographer and ruler of *Beauty magazine*. *Beauty* and *Culture* Sherif are probably the



# Ontario's only all 5-year old Canadian Whisky



**BURKE'S**  
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two-known ex-models. Models move rapidly, after landing to dock here. Catherine (Reid) (Reid) and Sue Farnham have become top European models. Blingworth did well in Paris too, but after a few months got lonely for home where she's a bigger splash in a smaller pond.

Toronto is the centre of her pond, hosts of her model few fashion magazines and hub of television and print advertising, both English and French. Montreal with divergence in clothes manufacturing, leads in staid but less glamorous showrooms modeling.

Modeling is a magnet for thousands of young girls. "It's the fulfillment of every little girl's dream to wear a pretty dress," says Tami Lark, a former top model turned television host and actress. Many top-modeling schools prey on these dreams, pointing high salaries for all paying applicants and often their low-blended parents. Current can cost as much as \$1,200 a year, and instructors may have no qualifications.

But "A lot of the schools are really bad rip-offs," says the editor of one fashion magazine. "What I tell the girls who call me is to stay far from them like a dog. Go to the school with a top-notch agency behind it. That's an indication that they're not just making money on the school." Some top agencies are too associated with schools at all, other agency-school operations may only suggest a few specific lessons, say in walking or makeup. However, the lessons may be less important than the attitudes imparted. Once a model has confidence, the rest is a standard bag of tricks. Pretty girls are created equal, but those who succeed in modeling have more than auburn hair and beauty. "Self-confidence" and "self-awareness" are words that come up repeatedly in conversations with models and agents. With these the model can develop

**Blingworth exhibiting her versatility: as serious as death and later in that no look's look for ever, or even for long**



her own distinctive style. Though it goes against the popular stereotype, self-awareness helps too. And self-awareness pays the biggest dividends of all.

Not that the dividends are all that large in Canada. Modeling agents estimate that there to five million dollars are spent on modeling fees here annually, while New York City boasts single modeling agencies that gross more. And just one U.S. model, albeit neither one, French Power Model, started a reported one million dollars in model fees last year. By contrast, the handful of top Canadian models peak at \$40,000. Only 30 to 35 earn more than \$20,000 a year. Perhaps another 100 to 300 make between \$5,000 and \$15,000, which leaves little room for glamour. Top fashion models now get \$40 to \$50 an hour for catalogue work (suitable for lingerie ads, triple for models), runway models up to \$45 for a one-hour show. Television commercials pay \$175 to \$200 a day, and possibly much less. But for every \$40-an-hour job, there are countless more at \$250 to six dollars an hour. And that's before the agent deducts the customary 10% to 15%.

There is rarely compensation for training time, and getting the job in the first place isn't easy. There are endless "go-ins," often with models waiting hours to see a potential client. One fashion magazine editor sometimes sees as many as 30 models a day in his search, she says, for that elusive word of the "intelligent Canadian face" (Magazine spreads pay \$25 to \$30 an hour. A later Chatterbox cover got only \$100. But the exposure can be the stepping stone to higher pay and work. In New York models can earn readily for magazine assignments that pay \$15 to \$20 an hour.) Against this income, there are direct expenses. The model must have a good wardrobe, especially of accessories which clients rarely provide. And even before her first job she must spend \$150 to \$200 for photos and portfolio. Another \$80 to \$150 goes for a "Z" card—a model's business card that shows her with a variety of looks sophisticated, innocent, young man, but more. But there are compensations for the ordinary incomes. "The girls constantly run in special groups of people," says Doreen. "They're offered extravagant weekends." Modeling assignments may involve overseas travel, there are discounts on clothes and insurance. And even if a model's actual income is slight, "she's not working 40 hours a week, stuck away in an office some place," says George Bell of International Top Models, Toronto.

Disillusionment can outweigh money and glamour. For ex-model Heather Farnham, a high-school-bonded Scandinavian type, the moment of truth came when she looked in the mirror one morning and realized that her face had taken on an essence of its own, with its own needs and demands. "I remember not being able to go to the laundry without false eyelashes. Christ, if people didn't turn around, I'd panic."

GARY REISS

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## Science

Take me to your leader. . . your leader. . . your leader.

Trillions of miles into deep interstellar space, a star cruiser on a routine survey mission detects an undetected robot device floating through the galaxy. Closer examination reveals that the crudely constructed one-ton vehicle was created by intelligent beings of some distant planet. Alas, like a man cast adrift in a bottle, lies a copper photograph record encased in an aluminum jacket—in if willing to be discovered.

In 1978, on August 20 and September 1 two Voyager spacecraft were launched toward Jupiter and Saturn. After exploring the outer planets they will heads out of the solar system, on an endless voyage into the abyss beyond. Attached to each Voyager is a copper record designed to survive for a billion years or more—with greetings from Earth, since 1977, in case someone out there is listening.

The 12-inch cassette on which runs for two hours at 60 1/2 rpm, contains calculations from earthlings, earth sounds such as surf, thunder, birds and whales, music representing the cultural diversity on Earth and electronic information that can be converted in patterns and printed words by an advanced technological civilization. It is the brainchild of American astronomers Frank Drake and Carl Sagan of Cornell University, both of whom are convinced there is a chance—if only a remote one—that aliens might discover our of the space craft. They produced their cassettes with the help of NASA (the U.S. space agency) and a team of specialists in music, art and science, including Terrence and Jon Lomborg. "Most of us had to drop everything for two months," says Lomborg, who found the task of choosing representatives of human and natural phenomena a "mind-boggling" experience.

When the record was sent from New York City, producer Timothy Ferris tried to get "a person's spoken word" from 60 nations or cultures by asking for contributions at the United Nations. "Somehow this got garbled in translation," says Ferris. "and what I ended up with was a two-minute speech from each delegate. We finally asked ordinary people from many cultures for a one- or two word greeting." The record contains, in scientific language, information on how it is to be played (a needle and turntable are provided) and 115 photographs and diagrams, in analog form, depicting mathematics, chemistry, geology and biology. Included are drawings of the solar system, descriptions of man and human anatomy, and photographs of Earth, the Voyager launch se-

quence, and human doing everything from picking grapes to crossing the Golden Gate bridge. Near some of the 60 variations of "Hi there!" and a message from Kerri Wildflower, secretary general of the United Nations. Followed by a "sound song" on the evolution of the planet Earth. Finally



Bubbling in space: welcome to the ship?

there are almost 90 minutes of music around the world and through the centuries, from Chinese Ch'in to Scandinavian to American jazz.

One scientist associated with this bit of cosmic consciousness-raising has estimated that the odds must be millions to one against anyone out there ever finding the record. Sagan replies that even if it is only humans who someday overhear Voyager and bring it back, the two-hour distillation of man and his world sent 1977 will provide a prized historical and cultural document for our descendants. In keeping with that noble ideal, the people at NASA have, for the moment at least, quashed plans to reap more immediate rewards by making the record available commercially. Apparently they don't want anyone turning man's extraterrestrial life-work into a golden calf. **TERRENCE LOMBORE**

## Show Business

The long good-bye

In the beginning was death. It was 1956 and Middle America looked in the mirror of the Eisenhower and saw prosperity, but one man's life in the Deep South was plainer in the blues. No despair, that the forgotten man in the deep hole was at pains to obliterate all trace of his identity before he took his last, clutching a scrap of paper with the crumbed, elegant cursive, "I walk a lonely street."

Two Southern songwriters quickly turned the bleak news into a song called *Monterob Road*. And the next called *Elvis Presley*, a young man named Elvis Presley, turned the tragedy to gold. The song and the singer's wail touched a nerve. *Monterob Road* was the first of 10 gold records and the first was in a global sale of more than 500 million records. In Presley's life to say nothing of millions more in an afterlife that may not feature angels on harps but will never want for the music of rock registers.

Behind the massive gates of El Grato-

land mansion, a monument to the tacky postwar baroque and baroque styles to which Presley remained faithful, the singer fulfilled the prophecy of his last great hit, dogmatically and passionately beyond the reach of his millions of fans. Elvis was a aged victim of his own success, a man who ran out of dreams to fulfill, experiences with which to run his bloated, 250-pound body short of death itself.

Presley snuffed out like the last candle on the cake and, suddenly, the party was over for an entire generation. Chad in sight



The Presley of Legend (right) and the Las Vegas Presley (Jimmy Valmore)



motorcycle leathers, Presley was the symbol who led them in battle with the biggest, baddest establishments—from Ed Sullivan, who spurned him, until Elvis' driving power threatened to put rival Steve Allen's show out front, to the Catholic Church, which refused to keep him from performing in Memphis, as the U.S. Army, which kept him from the deathbed of his beloved mother. Elvis fought them to a win. He didn't always win, but he was the older brother who'd go to his against hell, your starting like a machine gun and your firing clipped and crooked from his snarling lips he thought you couldn't snarl and kill be any.

Presley, the symbol, has been dead for decades, though the American Rinzler didn't have the fortune to die young. What emerged instead was Presley, the performer, who required passion and emotion with technique and relied on his manager, Colonel Tom Parker, to keep the fans hungry.

Now even the performer was gone and the content played into the vicious, enthusiastic kind of grief caused by the poisoning of favorite pets, whose last ride to glory heaven might be accompanied by floral tributes in the shape of live hydrants, much like the guitar and horned dogs that laced Presley's path to the mainstream. Two-centered Art Canada pin filled rock wisdom to Memphis from Montreal, billions left behind snatched to the only way statues that seemed appropriate to this gift: the record stars. Skip owners posed out black umbrellas to their riffs and used a hole at their meetings, new prices for their Presley masks. But all the fans scrambled for the few remaining pieces of the true vinyl as if their records perished in the aftermath would not possess the same magic.

They never. Jerry Parry extracted from black blues and gospel songs the first rock style acceptable to whites a style which everyone since—including the upstart Beatles—has enlarged, but never challenged. Still, he was polite in an old-fashioned, almost courtly way, and self-deprecating about his abilities, once likening his guitar playing to "them one beeing on a ten lid."

These facts were dutifully reported by the media and, for once, no-cosmopolitan party favored for most of a social conservatism. Good times were had by millions. And when facing blank pages in the dog days of August sighed with relief, thanking God for dolls remained on lonely streets in the silly season. **KARL ANDERSON**





to him he's expressing an arrogance that is only half self-protecting. One doesn't expect wit from a side of beef, but Arnold's air of detachment and particularly his observations about the psychological warfare of body-building championships suggest a misce, more brazen. But then look at the camera: Arnold isn't elegant much. We are here, Gorkovskis as opponent, with megaloman that would shame a five-year-old ("This is my sixth year as champion," he announces to a crowd on the morning of competition). The other body builders are for the most part built to carved down. Gas down off by lifting parked cars and another is a youth easily dominated by a father who murmurs, "You're like sandbags served out of marble by Michelangelo" into his ear. Arnold also seems a champion by virtue of being spared the film's penchant for instant psychology, with an emphasis on vulgar childlike: one body builder won dead, another was always teased, a third came from extreme poverty in Somalia.

Arnold Schwarzenegger seems self-contained, utterly assured and he speaks in complete sentences, but all that isn't quite enough to make him Gore Vidal with a physique. When the chips are down, Arnold still seems positively flustered to roll out his muscles and, when crowned champion as again, victorious body-building is the greatest sport ever. Doesn't he just get because don't I think so. **BRUCE KAMATA**

#### Prior warning

ONE NIGHT WITH THE...  
Directed by Michael Scott  
Gravitas/Lightway, Screen Third World Cinema Productions, is a made-for-television film biography with only two points of interest: it attempts to make a case about sports personage—Wesley S. Satter, then black racing car champion—after a major pop figure, and it casts the attention comedian, Richard Pryor, as the hero.

As a biographical narrative, the film (written by a committee of four) goes from child to adult. Nothing is left out: not the money, a difficult success as a rookie jet, not the wife's stop involvement of her pregnancy ("I want to see the doctor today," "You're not interested in me"), just the assured meditation between deficits and victories until the final race. Every detail of the film is predictable except the presence of Richard Pryor. He has a few playful moments as a biographer, but for the rest he is asked to maintain a dignity that is surely his least interesting legacy.

The film's idea of dramatic chaos is to powder Pryor's temples with halfway through to show the changing of the guard. There is nothing here that could be in a special talent, nothing to reveal the world transition he made into another film's film, *Saturday Night*. Here he is a straightforward and a smart, in the kind of basic black characterization that would have made even Sidney Poitier cringe. **BRUCE KAMATA**

## Television

### If the show fits, air it

Everybody from CBC TV news chief John Hinch to the Television International Film Festival (which earlier this year awarded it the special jury prize) agrees *Morse Lazarus*, starring Gordon Pinsent, is a fine film. Why then, has it been gathering dust in CBC editing rooms for almost two years? Because *Morse Lazarus* is a bloody awkward length. At 45 minutes it is an anomaly—the short for an hour, too long for half. It is a waste effort, a blunder on the prime symmetry of the most sacred of CBC institutions: the program schedule. Like a director's model the film has been cut out, taken in and named around by its creators in a futile attempt to make it fit. It doesn't but we are going to use it anyway (September 13, 8 p.m.) in tribute to the documentary film law which aside from its other virtues, neatly fills the remainder of the hour.

*Morse Lazarus* is based on the amazing story of Donald Crowfoot, one of the contestants at the London Sunday Times newspaper-airborne race around the world. In October 1968, Crowfoot set sail from Tynemouth, England, in a leaky, poorly designed trimaran eight months later newspapers, using Crowfoot's radio messages, joyfully reported that the duck in the sea was on the last leg of his journey and was to finish with the fastest time. Nothing more was heard from the amateur rider until a fighter discovered his yacht, mysteriously abandoned in mid-Atlantic. It turned out, as depicted such as Sir Francis Chichester (the first man to sail around the globe solo) had imagined, that Crowfoot had faked his radio reports. He had never even rounded the tip of Africa, but had sailed in becalmed circles in the South Atlantic seas known as the Horse Latitudes and in the process slowly mad.

He appeared to have committed suicide by walking off the end of his boat. It is a wonderfully minimalist story, as so often is the case with the best of film. *Morse Lazarus*. In the summer of 1975 Rowe, 30, wrote a script for *Morse Lazarus* and together with partner Tony Hall, 36, began raising money. The Ontario Arts Council contributed \$15,000, the CBC \$15,000, the Toronto Clearwater Film \$15,000, and Hall and Rowe signed him for another \$7,000. In return for its financing of what was to be a 30-minute film, the CBC drama department had some say on the script. A cut on the picture, and the option to run it on the network seven times. The film was shot in 30 days (September 1975), on a \$80,000 budget in mid-Lake Ontario with as cameramen Richard Lortie and a crew of 10.

the most and star Gordon Pinsent leaving out the role. Pinsent's accident was so severe that he was automatically doctored with Grand each morning. His, despite his illness and the meagre \$7,000 he was paid to play Phil Spector (the Crowfoot leg-



Pinsent: better late than never

ture), Pinsent persuaded John Hinch that *Morse Lazarus* was worth stretching to 60 minutes. Keep shooting out the network but there's no more money in the budget. And that, according to Pinsent, is what's wrong with the Canadian film industry: "Somebody should have been nibbling his heels together and saying 'Let's go'."

*Morse Lazarus* has its faults. There isn't enough early detail to explain the vagaries of Crowfoot's character and the drama of the race could have been heightened by inserting reaction scenes from England. But *Morse Lazarus* is both a good and a deliciously cheap film. Besides, it's a co-production, the award-winning president of ABC has chosen for the network's future. All we need now is the impetus to prequel films such as those through the network's brasserie and doldrums. **SANDRA MARTIN**



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# Alright, kiddies, it's time again to play 'So You Think You Know Canada!'

Column by Allan Fotheringham

It is time for school, which means here once more for the great Guelterguthk Current Events What Quiz. There will be prizes. Entries restricted: one to a contestant. Medals will be awarded for success.

1 Write a short essay extolling Canada's shared sense of humor. Give two examples. (If two are not possible, try one.)

2 Considering the early performance of the Alaskan Pipeline, who do you think was the project engineer, (a) the Seven Dwarfs? (b) the Trudeau cabinet? (c) the Canadian Post Office?

3 Explain, in 200 words or less, the basic philosophical position of Eugene Winton.

4 Name two members of Prime Minister Trudeau's Task Force on Unity who do not have mustaches.

5 You are a playwright. Construct a script arising from a television in which Rosemary Brown and Seneca Holt were stranded in a liftboat for a month at sea. An experienced reviewer will be inflexible.

6 Select whom you would least like to be stranded in a liftboat with: (a) Sir Angus (b) Senator Keith Dwyer (c) Leo Cabell (There is a two-hour time limit on this question.)

7 Joe Clark says that one of the reasons why the public does not understand him is that he has been "diagnostically specific" on issues. Name one.

8 U.S. Budget Director Ben Lucas, while president of the Calhoun First National Bank of Georgia, allowed his wife to run on an overdraft of \$11,000, and was released an overdraft of \$450,000. Would you let this man run your household account?

9 Otto Lang's brother-in-law, Tony Meisner, is a declared candidate for leader of the Saskatchewan Liberal Party, says he is thinking of trying for a federal seat. If he makes it, how would you suggest he travel between Ottawa and Regina? (a) Greyhound? (b) cab (c) taxi? (d) Tiger Moth?

10 Ottawa is prepared to put out tens of dollars into development of an alternate energy source to relieve the relative oil crunch. Which do you think is the most practical source: (a) solar energy? (b) windmills? (c) Ross Island's reefs? (d) the Gulf Stream's 11 breaking Passages, the describes a type of man who self-consciously surrounds himself with only subordinates, who treat him like a god and he has no relationship with real human beings and occasionally drinks of himself in an up to date god. Then the Sherry Theory applies to Pierre Elliott

Trudeau, students John Turner, Paul Hellyer, Eric Kesteven, Bryan Mackay and a cast of thousands.

12 Billy Carter recently took part in the World Bellyflop and Cannonball Diving Championships in Vancouver. If such an event were transferred to Ottawa, what do you think would make the greatest splash: (a) Doug Fisher? (b) Judy LaMarsh? (c) Don Jamieson's ego?



13 Your name is Jonathan Swift. Please don't say on your occasion to the motion bomb. Try to be light-hearted.

14 The Progressive Conservative Annual Convention, where an automatic leadership review was in the agenda, has been scheduled for November in Quebec City. Which means it will be a difficult site to reach for all Joe Clark's supporters from Western Canada. And which means it will be worth any march for all the disadvantaged supporters of Claude Wagner, who has been wearing a Guinness Book of Records mark for the walk over snow losing the leadership to Clark. Please explain his best argument to the Yuletide for the Tory party genius who arranged this setting.

15 Please identify one Canadian who became more famous in a week of Ottawa's three-million-dollar released tax

evangelists on July 1. When verified, ship his name to John Roberts.

16 You are a playwright, in the genre of Samuel Beckett. Please construct a script arising from a situation in which René Lévesque and Pierre Trudeau are locked in a hotel room for a week, interrupted only by a lecture of capitalism and a interlude. Which would give out first—the cigarettes or the transistor? Explain why.

17 It is obvious Keith Dwyer and Percy McKeough get a cut rate on their suits by buying them in jail. What do you think is the name: (a) Janet Tate and Amazing? (b) the makers of the sponsor for the American's Cup? (c) Nathan Detroit?

18 Dave Barker, Robert Bonanza and Bill Dwyer are joint authors of a university theme entitled "The Advantages Of Calling An Early Election." Compose the first sentence.

19 Estimate how long it will take to walk to the main lobby in this spring's by-elections was not Joe Clark but John Turner.

20 Please explain what Jean-Pierre Goyer knows that the rest of us don't.

21 John P. Kennedy called John Diefenbaker an o b and the Watergate tapes revealed that Richard Nixon called Pierre Trudeau an unsupportable part of the male economy. The Toronto Star distinguished itself in the Ottawa election by calling Liberal leader Smart Smith a "dink." As a result, voters made Dr. Smart leader of the Opposition. Just the name the Star would have to call him to make him premier.

22 Tell everything you know about Seneca Knowles' experience with Ottawa's life. Keep it down to 20 words.

23 The complaint heard around Calgary is that the reason Joe Clark gets surprisingly little support in his own province is that "he doesn't seem a real Alberta." Toqually, who would be the best replacement? (a) Robert Reagan? (b) Charles Farnsworth? (c) Arta Boyatz?

24 There is a famous word in Canadian political dictionaries. It is Briddle. Can you identify it? (a) a looms or cream truck? (b) a movement to Dick Blufffield's basketball account? (c) Arizona's answer to the Edou? (d) all three?

25 Ottawa is searching for an ambassador in a delicate Caribbean posting. Would you suggest: (a) Phil Espinoza? (b) Joe Diefenbaker? (c) Jean Pierre Goyer?

26 You are a class assigned to construct the paperwork for a new university music. Compose the constitution, the bill of rights, and who will be known in The Look Home. Legally Edou. Take your time.



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